

## Short Prose Dream 20210223014400378837

Texts Used: Antic Hay by Aldous Huxley

These texts were remixed using a "Dream Filter", or a Python-coded text processor, by [Thomas Park](#). The purpose is, rather than rendering a narrative, emulating a dream.

BOLDERO," he wrote back, "I should have come to talk over matters before this. Between pilasters, their windows look out on to the Exchange, and the sister statues on the balustrades beckon to one another across the intervening space. And there at the end of the street, at the base of a triangular space formed by the coming together of this with another master street that runs eastwards to Tower Hill, there stands the Cathedral. Rosie uttered a cry, slipped through the door and, slamming it behind her, ran across the vestibule and began fumbling with the latches of the outer door.

"It is unfortunate that when two or three are gathered together in God's name, or even in the more civilized name of Mercaptan of the delicious middle," Mercaptan dexterously parried the prod which Coleman aimed at him, "it is altogether deplorable that they should necessarily empest the air." Lypiatt had turned his eyes heavenwards. How gleefully I should lead you all into it!" "I think you would do well," said Shearwater gravely, "to go and see a doctor." Coleman gave vent to a howl of delight. How gleefully I should lead you all into it!" "I think you would do well," said Shearwater gravely, "to go and see a doctor." Coleman gave vent to a howl of delight. That Hampton Court business had been bad enough; but when it came to eating in the street, in the middle of a lot of filthy workmen--well, really, that was rather too much. Porteous was an expert on Late Latin poetry; and he did not mean that you should guess. And coming forward with a conquering impulsiveness he took both her long, fine hands in his and raised them to his bearded mouth.

Mercaptan hurried across the room and opened the door for him. Mercaptan, coming back across the room to where Rosie was still irresolutely standing. It's important for 'is interests that he should be recognized easily. In the rather gloomy little turning off Lupus Street to which she had been directed, Rosie found the number, found, in the row of bells and cards, the name. "I should have thought that it was to the politician's interest to look respectable and normal." "But it is still more to his interest as a leader of men to look distinguished," Mr. It's important for 'is interests that he should be recognized easily. And just at sunset, when the sky was most golden, there would be a twittering overhead, and the black, innumerable flocks of starlings would come sweeping across on the way from their daily haunts to their roosting-places, chosen so capriciously among the tree-planted squares and gardens of the city and so tenaciously retained, year after year, to the exclusion of every other place. "Oh, that!" said Gumbriel rather irritably.

The clothes-lines looped from window to window across the street might have been those ropes which form so essential and so mysterious a part of the furniture of the Prisons. "One should be happily in love to enjoy a summer night under the trees." He wondered where Emily could be now. "It's appalling that human beings should have to live like that. It stopped rather suddenly,

however, at the corner of the Edgware Road. But then, when you seemed to make rather a joke of it--why did you say 'a little indisposed?' that seemed, somehow, so stupid, I thought--and said you were coming to-morrow, it wasn't that which upset me; it was the dreadful, dreadful disappointment. It made me cry and cry, so that I thought I should never be able to stop. He could not resist the temptation, but coming up behind her bent down and kissed her, rather clumsily, on the back of her neck. Slipping her hands under the sleeves of her kimono, she began, lightly, delicately, with the tips of her fingers, to caress her own arms. Wasn't she perhaps the one unique being with whom he might have learned to await in quietness the final coming of that lovely terrible thing, from before the sound of whose secret footsteps more than once and oh! And I should have been your slave, I should have been your property and lived inside your life. (\_He goes out.\_) THE PROSTITUTE: Nice state of things we're coming to, when young rips try and swindle us poor girls out of our money! Milton called them that; he should have known.

Standing on the platform, Gumbriel made a complicated pantomime, signifying his regret by shrugging his shoulders and placing his hand on his heart; urging in excuse for his abrupt departure the necessity under which he laboured of alighting at this particular station--which he did by pointing at the name on the boards and lamps, then at himself, then at the village across the fields. Mercaptan, rushing up to his emphasis with flutes and roaring, like a true Conquistador, to fall back, however, at the end of the sentence rather ignominiously into a breathless confusion. And there at the end of the street, at the base of a triangular space formed by the coming together of this with another master street that runs eastwards to Tower Hill, there stands the Cathedral. The river is embanked from Blackfriars to the Tower, and at every twenty paces a grave stone angel looks out from the piers of the balustrade across the water.... It was really rather difficult to explain. "What puzzles me," he went on, "is why your anonymous friend should have chosen my address out of all the millions of others. "How should I know?" she asked, implying that she could not foresee what her caprice might be an hour hence. "It's rather absurd. "You should try." "But I do try," said Mrs. What should he do about it? "It just occurred to me," Shearwater began again in his rather ponderous, infelicitous way, "that you mightn't be very happy, Rosie." Rosie looked up at him and laughed. That would be some slight compensation for my"--he tapped his foot with the end of his walking-stick--"my accident." "You're depressed too?" "One should never drink at luncheon," said Gumbriel. One should also never think of the past and never for one moment consider the future. He opened the door of what should have been, in a well-ordered house, the Best Bedroom, and slipped into the darkness. "I'm sorry you should have been unhappy about it," she said. Emily smiled rather sadly. She came silently across the room, and sat down on the edge of the low couch. Viveash, coming up from the other end of the counter where she had been buying stamps. "No," he said, "I don't think I do." "Why don't you?" "Why should I? What should he do about it? "It just occurred to me," Shearwater began again in his rather ponderous, infelicitous way, "that you mightn't be very happy, Rosie." Rosie looked up at him and laughed. And just at sunset, when the sky was most golden, there would be a twittering overhead, and the black, innumerable flocks of starlings would come sweeping across on the way from their daily haunts to their roosting-places, chosen so capriciously among the tree-planted squares and gardens of the city and so tenaciously retained, year after year, to the exclusion of every other place. Why his

fourteen plane trees should have been chosen, Mr. Emily smiled rather sadly. CHAPTER XV They were playing that latest novelty from across the water, "What's he to Hecuba?" Sweet, sweet and piercing, the saxophone pierced into the very bowels of compassion and tenderness, pierced like a revelation from heaven, pierced like the angel's treacly dart into the holy Teresa's quivering and ecstatic flank. "How are you?" he asked across the music. "It is unfortunate that when two or three are gathered together in God's name, or even in the more civilized name of Mercaptan of the delicious middle," Mercaptan dexterously parried the prod which Coleman aimed at him, "it is altogether deplorable that they should necessarily empest the air." Lypiatt had turned his eyes heavenwards.

Viveash, "how this young man bores me!" "I confess," replied Gumbriel, "I have rather a taste for moralities. I wanted to give you everything I could, and then we should always be together, loving one another. And I should have been your slave, I should have been your property and lived inside your life. Viveash, "how this young man bores me!" "I confess," replied Gumbriel, "I have rather a taste for moralities. (\_He goes out.\_) THE PROSTITUTE: Nice state of things we're coming to, when young rips try and swindle us poor girls out of our money! He wrote several encyclicals and a syllabus." Gumbriel admired the phrase about less than average intelligence; Falarope Major should have at least one mark for having learnt it so well by heart. Over the plushy floors of some vast and ignoble Ritz slowly he walked, at ease, with confidence: over the plushy floors and there, at the end of a long vista, there was Myra Viveash, waiting, this time, for him; coming forward impatiently to meet him, his abject lover now, not the cool, free, laughing mistress who had lent herself contemptuously once to his pathetic and silent importunity and then, after a day, withdrawn the gift again. "I should have thought that it was to the politician's interest to look respectable and normal." "But it is still more to his interest as a leader of men to look distinguished," Mr. The Complete Man decided to consider her as tubular--flexible and tubular, like a section of boa constrictor, should one say. The forehead, that was mostly hidden by her hat; it might be pensively and serenely high, it might be of that degree of lowness which in men is villainous, but in women is only another--a rather rustic one perhaps, rather \_canaille\_ even, but definitely another--attraction. On fine evenings he used to sit out on his balcony waiting for the coming of the birds. And there at the end of the street, at the base of a triangular space formed by the coming together of this with another master street that runs eastwards to Tower Hill, there stands the Cathedral. The river is embanked from Blackfriars to the Tower, and at every twenty paces a grave stone angel looks out from the piers of the balustrade across the water....

It had a rather gross, snouty look, which was sadly out of harmony with Mr. Mercaptan hurried across the room and opened the door for him. Mercaptan, coming back across the room to where Rosie was still irresolutely standing. A hundred pounds down and five pounds a week when the business should be started. And coming forward with a conquering impulsiveness he took both her long, fine hands in his and raised them to his bearded mouth.

It was one of Casimir's abstract paintings: a procession of machine-like forms rushing up diagonally from right to left across the canvas, with as it were a spray of energy blowing back from the crest of the wave towards the top right-hand corner. "In this painting," he said, "I symbolize the Artist's conquering spirit--rushing on the universe, making it its own." He began to declaim: "Look down, Conquistador, There on the valley's broad green floor, There lies the lake,

the jewelled cities gleam, Chalco and Tlacopan Awaiting the coming Man; Look down on Mexico, Conquistador, Land of your golden dream.

Viveash had been reduced, by the violence of her headache, to coming home after her luncheon with Piers Cotton for a rest. Since the coming of El Greco into fashion, he had discovered dozens of early works by that great artist. "I'm rather glad," said Mrs. If they had been offered point-blank across the luncheon table, he would probably have accepted them without a murmur.

"Good-bye," Coleman called back; and immediately afterwards jumped to his feet and made a dash across the room towards her. "Perhaps it's because I'm rather incurious," said Shearwater. "How should I know? It seemed to me wonderful to get rather tipsy. The clothes-lines looped from window to window across the street might have been those ropes which form so essential and so mysterious a part of the furniture of the Prisons. "One should be happily in love to enjoy a summer night under the trees." He wondered where Emily could be now. If he had asked me, I should answer: why not? If he had asked me, I should answer: why not? Think if he should wear the all-shell sports model with full dress! And since there are few who would not rather be taken in adultery than in provincialism, they rush out to buy four new pairs of spectacles. He could not resist the temptation, but coming up behind her bent down and kissed her, rather clumsily, on the back of her neck. Wrapped in a pink kimono, she came out into the hall to wish him farewell. "How should I know?" she asked, implying that she could not foresee what her caprice might be an hour hence. "Why should I?" "It would be natural curiosity." "But I know all I want to know," he said. Gladstone should know." "Good-bye," said Rosie from the door. "How I should like to have a child," he went on without waiting for an answer. "It is unfortunate that when two or three are gathered together in God's name, or even in the more civilized name of Mercaptan of the delicious middle," Mercaptan dexterously parried the prod which Coleman aimed at him, "it is altogether deplorable that they should necessarily empest the air." Lypiatt had turned his eyes heavenwards. Slipping her hands under the sleeves of her kimono, she began, lightly, delicately, with the tips of her fingers, to caress her own arms. He delivered the goods--or rather the goods, in the convenient form of cash, delivered themselves, almost miraculously it always seemed, to him. And just at sunset, when the sky was most golden, there would be a twittering overhead, and the black, innumerable flocks of starlings would come sweeping across on the way from their daily haunts to their roosting-places, chosen so capriciously among the tree-planted squares and gardens of the city and so tenaciously retained, year after year, to the exclusion of every other place. Why his fourteen plane trees should have been chosen, Mr. He sits up--or rather stands, reels, trots up--dancing and drinking. She had told him what he was, and what he should try to be, and how to be it. One should also never think of the past and never for one moment consider the future. But perhaps after a little tea----" He leaned forward to look at the figures on the taximeter, for the cab had come to a standstill--"after a nip of the tannin stimulant"--he threw open the door--"we may feel rather better." Mrs. The stranger gave him no opportunity, and indeed, Gumbriel reflected, how should she? "I had thought it looked rather like St. We should have done the same in the circumstances--undoubtedly. Bojanus smiled up at him tolerantly and kindly, as he might have smiled at some one who had suggested, shall we say, that evening trousers should be turned up at the bottom. People know there's such a thing as medical science and they again feel it's improbable that manufacturers

should know things ignored by the doctors. We've got to make those who don't wear them feel rather uncomfortable. "You see the idea," he said, anxious lest they should fail to understand. But then, when you seemed to make rather a joke of it--why did you say 'a little indisposed?' that seemed, somehow, so stupid, I thought--and said you were coming to-morrow, it wasn't that which upset me; it was the dreadful, dreadful disappointment. It made me cry and cry, so that I thought I should never be able to stop. "It's appalling that human beings should have to live like that. That would be some slight compensation for my"--he tapped his foot with the end of his walking-stick--"my accident." "You're depressed too?" "One should never drink at luncheon," said Gumbriel. One should also never think of the past and never for one moment consider the future. "Then you should try," said Gumbriel, whose hands had begun to creep softly forward into the Twelfth Sonata. "You should try." "But I do try," said Mrs. The assistant was rather pained by his coldness. Albemarle too should be fired. Over the plushy floors of some vast and ignoble Ritz slowly he walked, at ease, with confidence: over the plushy floors and there, at the end of a long vista, there was Myra Viveash, waiting, this time, for him; coming forward impatiently to meet him, his abject lover now, not the cool, free, laughing mistress who had lent herself contemptuously once to his pathetic and silent importunity and then, after a day, withdrawn the gift again.

All chance encounters, all plotted opportunities recurred; he knew, now, how to live, how to take advantage of them. And there at the end of the street, at the base of a triangular space formed by the coming together of this with another master street that runs eastwards to Tower Hill, there stands the Cathedral. It must be pleasant, I should think, to hand oneself over to somebody else.

The Artist walked across the world and the mangy dogs ran yelping and snapping behind him. He was a sleek, comfortable young man with smooth brown hair parted in the centre and conducted in a pair of flowing curves across the temples, to be looped in damp curls behind his ears. His face ought to have been rather more exquisite, rather more refinedly *\_dix-huitieme\_* than it actually was. It was really rather difficult to explain. "What puzzles me," he went on, "is why your anonymous friend should have chosen my address out of all the millions of others. If he had asked me, I should answer: why not? If you wanted me to build you this house, you'd have to live in Barbados or somewhere like that." "There's nothing I should like better," said Gumbriel Junior. "Theodore!" she hallooed faintly but penetratingly, from her inward death-bed. "And astonished." He looked at her. There was the mirage across the desiccated plains, the mirage one knew to be deceptive and which, on a second glance, proved not even to be a mirage, but merely a few livery spots behind the eyes. Wasn't she perhaps the one unique being with whom he might have learned to await in quietness the final coming of that lovely terrible thing, from before the sound of whose secret footsteps more than once and oh! The forehead, that was mostly hidden by her hat; it might be pensively and serenely high, it might be of that degree of lowness which in men is villainous, but in women is only another--a rather rustic one perhaps, rather *\_canaille\_* even, but definitely another--attraction. Viveash faintly and indomitably from the sofa that was almost genuinely a death-bed. The ghost of Gumbriel Senior stalked across the room. If he had asked me, I should answer: why not? The kidneys are so beautifully organized; they do their work of regulation with such a miraculous--it's hard to find another word--such a positively divine precision, such knowledge and wisdom, that there's no

reason why your archetypal man, whoever he is, or any one else, for that matter, should be ashamed of owning a pair." Coleman clapped his hands. It stopped rather suddenly, however, at the corner of the Edgware Road. He was dressed in a velveteen jacket and linen trousers that should have been white, but needed washing. It made me cry and cry, so that I thought I should never be able to stop. It wasn't merely a question of your coming being put off for a day; it was a question of its being put off for ever, of my never seeing you again. It was an essential part of their education that they should listen to the word of revelation without pneumatic easement. They gave me quite a good price at the Museum." He came out of his corner and hurried across the room to help Mrs. Porteous was an expert on Late Latin poetry; and he did not mean that you should guess. Viveash, "how this young man bores me!" "I confess," replied Gumbriel, "I have rather a taste for moralities. (\_He goes out.\_) THE PROSTITUTE: Nice state of things we're coming to, when young rips try and swindle us poor girls out of our money! After that he had rather amused her: and now he rather bored her. Or at least it did exist, but as something deplorably different from what we love to picture it." And he went on, eruditely, to refer to that Council of Carthage which, in , demanded of the faithful that they should be continent on their wedding-night. How much happier we all should be if the real historical \_droit du Seigneur\_ had in fact been the mythical right of our 'pretty prurient imaginations!' "Am I a brute too?" And behind his beard, suddenly, he felt rather a brute. "I only thought that perhaps \_you\_ might think that \_I\_ rather neglected you." Rosie laughed again. "I have it rather on my conscience," said Shearwater. "You should have seen me," he said, describing his beard. "I should have been bowled over." "You shall see me, then," said Gumbriel. The clothes-lines looped from window to window across the street might have been those ropes which form so essential and so mysterious a part of the furniture of the Prisons. "It's rather absurd.

"You should persevere." She looked at him, smiling. THE MONSTER: Or, rather, I should be able to ignore it, having a private universe of my own. The Complete Man lifted her up, walked across the room carrying the fastidious lady in his arms and deposited her on the rosy catafalque of the bed. Wrapped in a pink kimono, she came out into the hall to wish him farewell. "You should persevere." She looked at him, smiling. It is ludicrous that a man should put himself to prolonged inconvenience for the sake of something which doesn't really exist at all. He ran down the stairs and across the tiled hall, he pushed his way firmly but politely between the talkers. "You should have drunk it before," she said. The real remedy, it suddenly flashed across his mind, would be trousers with pneumatic seats. Pelvey's method of reciting them made them sound rather different.

CHAPTER IV Lypiatt had a habit, which some of his friends found rather trying--and not only friends, for Lypiatt was ready to let the merest acquaintances, the most absolute strangers, even, into the secrets of his inspiration--a habit of reciting at every possible opportunity his own verses. Lypiatt laughed, rather uncomfortably, and no longer on the Titanic scale. It was really rather difficult to explain. Why his fourteen plane trees should have been chosen, Mr. The breezes stirred in his grey hair, tossing it up in long, light wisps that fell across his forehead and over his spectacles; and then he would shake his head impatiently, and the bony hand would be freed for a moment from its unceasing combing and clutching of the sparse grey beard to push back the strayed tendrils, to smooth and reduce to order the whole ruffled head. Rosie uttered a cry, slipped through the door and, slamming it behind her, ran across the vestibule and began

fumbling with the latches of the outer door. The man of genius, he liked to say, bears upon his brow a kind of mark of Cain, by which men recognize him at once--"and having recognized, generally stone him," he would add with that peculiar laugh he always uttered whenever he said anything rather bitter or cynical; a laugh that was meant to show that the bitterness, the cynicism, justifiable as events might have made them, were really only a mask, and that beneath it the artist was still serenely and tragically smiling. The breezes stirred in his grey hair, tossing it up in long, light wisps that fell across his forehead and over his spectacles; and then he would shake his head impatiently, and the bony hand would be freed for a moment from its unceasing combing and clutching of the sparse grey beard to push back the strayed tendrils, to smooth and reduce to order the whole ruffled head.

Not properly." Gumbriel Senior smiled rather sadly.

He shut the door after them and turned back across the little hall. Not quarrelling with me is only a rather negative satisfaction, I'm afraid." "I propose to leave the country to-morrow morning," said Gumbriel. "Those leopards are rather nice," she said, and looked at the catalogue again.

He was a sleek, comfortable young man with smooth brown hair parted in the centre and conducted in a pair of flowing curves across the temples, to be looped in damp curls behind his ears. But perhaps after a little tea----" He leaned forward to look at the figures on the taximeter, for the cab had come to a standstill--"after a nip of the tannin stimulant"--he threw open the door--"we may feel rather better." Mrs. He was a leather merchant, fat and jolly with a rather red face, very white teeth and a bald head that was beautifully shiny. We must make the bank clerk and the civil servant feel proud of being what they are and at the same time feel ashamed that, being such splendid people, they should have to submit to the indignity of having blistered hind-quarters. He was dressed in a velveteen jacket and linen trousers that should have been white, but needed washing. Viveash was irritated by a suspicion, which was probably, after all, quite unjustified, that Casimir had been rather consciously absorbed in his work; that he had heard her first knock and plunged the more profoundly into those depths of absorption where the true artist always dwells, or at any rate ought to dwell; to rise at her third appeal with a slow, pained reluctance, cursing, perhaps, at the importunity of a world which thus noisily interrupted the flow of his inspiration. But it would be nobler, more in keeping, he felt, with his new life, to leave a justification behind--or rather not a justification, a denouncement. The square in which it stood was steadily coming down in the world. "Twenty-five, I should imagine," said Mrs. "Will one ever recapture the old thrills?" she asked rather fatiguedly as they drove slowly through the traffic of Regent Street. The river is embanked from Blackfriars to the Tower, and at every twenty paces a grave stone angel looks out from the piers of the balustrade across the water.... He had met her, or rather the Complete Man, flushed with his commercial triumphs as he returned from his victory over Mr. He was walking up the Venetian Room, feeling as full of swaggering vitality as the largest composition of Veronese, when he heard, gigglingly whispered just behind him his Open Sesame to new adventure, "Beaver." He spun round on his tracks and found himself face to face with two rather startled young women. Still," he looked at his son over the top of his spectacles, "if by any conceivable chance you ever should become rich; if, if, if...." And he emphasized the remoteness of the conditional by raising his eyebrows a little higher, by throwing out his hands in a dubious gesture a little farther at every repetition of the word, "if--why, then I've got exactly the thing for you. "I should think so." Gumbriel's answer was rather

dim and remote. If he had met her years ago--during the war, should one say, dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant in the Guards.... Twenty-five steps to the first floor--one flight of thirteen, which was rather disagreeably ominous, and one of twelve. Mercaptan's rather technical sense of the term, as free of all prejudices as the great exponent of civilization himself. The breezes stirred in his grey hair, tossing it up in long, light wisps that fell across his forehead and over his spectacles; and then he would shake his head impatiently, and the bony hand would be freed for a moment from its unceasing combing and clutching of the sparse grey beard to push back the strayed tendrils, to smooth and reduce to order the whole ruffled head. Being happy is rather melancholy--like the most beautiful landscape, like those trees and the grass and the clouds and the sunshine to-day." "From the outside," said Gumbriel, "it even looks rather dull." They stumbled up the dark staircase to his rooms.

And there at the end of the street, at the base of a triangular space formed by the coming together of this with another master street that runs eastwards to Tower Hill, there stands the Cathedral. Viveash suggested they should go. "Will one ever recapture the old thrills?" she asked rather fatiguedly as they drove slowly through the traffic of Regent Street. And since there are few who would not rather be taken in adultery than in provincialism, they rush out to buy four new pairs of spectacles. "It may be rather difficult," said Gumbriel, shaking his head. Wrapped in a pink kimono, she came out into the hall to wish him farewell. "How should I know?" she asked, implying that she could not foresee what her caprice might be an hour hence. "No," he said, "I don't think I do." "Why don't you?" "Why should I? Over the plushy floors of some vast and ignoble Ritz slowly he walked, at ease, with confidence: over the plushy floors and there, at the end of a long vista, there was Myra Viveash, waiting, this time, for him; coming forward impatiently to meet him, his abject lover now, not the cool, free, laughing mistress who had lent herself contemptuously once to his pathetic and silent importunity and then, after a day, withdrawn the gift again.

It wasn't merely a question of your coming being put off for a day; it was a question of its being put off for ever, of my never seeing you again. There was the mirage across the desiccated plains, the mirage one knew to be deceptive and which, on a second glance, proved not even to be a mirage, but merely a few livery spots behind the eyes. But it's still the same movement."

The shadows stretched farther and farther across the lawns, and as the sun declined the level light picked out among the grasses innumerable stipplings of shadow; and in the paths, that had seemed under the more perpendicular rays as level as a table, a thousand little shadowy depressions and sun-touched mountains were now apparent. The Artist walked across the world and the mangy dogs ran yelping and snapping behind him. Since the coming of El Greco into fashion, he had discovered dozens of early works by that great artist. Albemarle too should be fired. With her left hand she held back the flowing pink sleeve of her kimono so that it should not trail in the plates or the tureen. With her left hand she held back the flowing pink sleeve of her kimono so that it should not trail in the plates or the tureen. "Those leopards are rather nice," she said, and looked at the catalogue again. I meant that you should be. I wanted to give you everything I could, and then we should always be together, loving one another.

"Those leopards are rather nice," she said, and looked at the catalogue again.

But it's still the same movement." The shadows stretched farther and farther across the lawns, and as the sun declined the level light picked out among the grasses innumerable stipplings of



shadow; and in the paths, that had seemed under the more perpendicular rays as level as a table, a thousand little shadowy depressions and sun-touched mountains were now apparent. Being happy is rather melancholy--like the most beautiful landscape, like those trees and the grass and the clouds and the sunshine to-day." "From the outside," said Gumbriel, "it even looks rather dull." They stumbled up the dark staircase to his rooms.

He shut the door after them and turned back across the little hall.

Mercaptan, rushing up to his emphasis with flutes and roaring, like a true Conquistador, to fall back, however, at the end of the sentence rather ignominiously into a breathless confusion.

"Twenty-five, I should imagine," said Mrs. "What's appalling?" he asked rather irritably. "It's appalling that human beings should have to live like that. "I don't know why you should be forgiving me," she said, laughing. "And astonished." He looked at her. Viveash, coming up from the other end of the counter where she had been buying stamps. Slipping her hands under the sleeves of her kimono, she began, lightly, delicately, with the tips of her fingers, to caress her own arms. He delivered the goods--or rather the goods, in the convenient form of cash, delivered themselves, almost miraculously it always seemed, to him. Why his fourteen plane trees should have been chosen, Mr. The breezes stirred in his grey hair, tossing it up in long, light wisps that fell across his forehead and over his spectacles; and then he would shake his head impatiently, and the bony hand would be freed for a moment from its unceasing combing and clutching of the sparse grey beard to push back the strayed tendrils, to smooth and reduce to order the whole ruffled head. One should also never think of the past and never for one moment consider the future. But perhaps after a little tea----" He leaned forward to look at the figures on the taximeter, for the cab had come to a standstill--"after a nip of the tannin stimulant"--he threw open the door--"we may feel rather better." Mrs.

"No," he said, "I don't think I do." "Why don't you?" "Why should I? The breezes stirred in his grey hair, tossing it up in long, light wisps that fell across his forehead and over his spectacles; and then he would shake his head impatiently, and the bony hand would be freed for a moment from its unceasing combing and clutching of the sparse grey beard to push back the strayed tendrils, to smooth and reduce to order the whole ruffled head. Consider, dear cow, consider, consider." He got up from his chair and tiptoed across the room to the writing-table. The clothes-lines looped from window to window across the street might have been those ropes which form so essential and so mysterious a part of the furniture of the Prisons. Viveash people always euphemistically 'liked' one another rather a lot, even when it was a case of the most frightful and excruciating passion, the most complete abandonments. It seemed incredible, and also, as she looked at her husband's face--the face behind its bristlingly manly mask of a harassed baby--also rather pathetically absurd. "I'm sorry you should have been unhappy about it," she said.

"I'll keep it on." "Well," said the leprechaun, leaning back in his chair and twinkling, bird-like, across the table. If these creatures are to be taught anything, it should be something hard and definite. "N--n--nothing"--it sounded rather final. He, too, she noticed, was wearing a great-coat; which seemed rather odd. In certain individuals, however, the faculty is naturally so well-developed--like the musical, or the mathematical, or the chess-playing faculties in other people--that they cannot help entering into direct communication with other minds, whether they want to or not. Emily smiled rather sadly. This was going to be the real thing--one of those long,

those interminable, or, at any rate, indefinitely renewable conversations about love; witty, subtle, penetrating and bold, like the conversations in books, like the conversations across the tea-table between brilliant young poets and ladies of quality, grown fastidious through an excessive experience, fastidious and a little weary, but still, in their subtle way, insatiably curious.

Mercaptan's rather technical sense of the term, as free of all prejudices as the great exponent of civilization himself. He looked forward to a golden age when all should be seigneurs possessing rights that should have broadened down into universal liberty. Twenty-five steps to the first floor--one flight of thirteen, which was rather disagreeably ominous, and one of twelve. "Only rather a bore...." Her voice expired altogether. "I should have thought that it was to the politician's interest to look respectable and normal." "But it is still more to his interest as a leader of men to look distinguished," Mr. Or rather he had not confessed; that was too difficult. It made me cry and cry, so that I thought I should never be able to stop. It wasn't merely a question of your coming being put off for a day; it was a question of its being put off for ever, of my never seeing you again. Viveash, coming up from the other end of the counter where she had been buying stamps. Or rather he had not confessed; that was too difficult. "It's appalling that human beings should have to live like that.

Rosie uttered a cry, slipped through the door and, slamming it behind her, ran across the vestibule and began fumbling with the latches of the outer door.

"I can imagine," he had said to her yesterday, "I can imagine myself giving up everything, work and all, to go running round after you." "And do you suppose I should enjoy that?" Mrs. And there at the end of the street, at the base of a triangular space formed by the coming together of this with another master street that runs eastwards to Tower Hill, there stands the Cathedral. It made me cry and cry, so that I thought I should never be able to stop. On the landing of the next floor he paused, felt in his pocket, took out a key and unlocked the door of what should have been the second best bedroom. "It's rather stupid." "You're perfectly right," said Gumbriel. THE YOUNG LADY: If--if he did--well, it might be rather humiliating with these I have like a servant's almost....

How gleefully I should lead you all into it!" "I think you would do well," said Shearwater gravely, "to go and see a doctor." Coleman gave vent to a howl of delight. "No, if I glory in anything, it's in my little rococo boudoir, and the conversations across the polished mahogany, and the delicate, lascivious, \_witty\_ little flirtations on ample sofas inhabited by the soul of Crebillon Fils. Lypiatt laughed, rather uncomfortably, and no longer on the Titanic scale. Consider, dear cow, consider, consider." He got up from his chair and tiptoed across the room to the writing-table. The clothes-lines looped from window to window across the street might have been those ropes which form so essential and so mysterious a part of the furniture of the Prisons. "I should have thought that it was to the politician's interest to look respectable and normal." "But it is still more to his interest as a leader of men to look distinguished," Mr. It's important for 'is interests that he should be recognized easily. In or --oh, these dates!--he had made a pact with his little cousin, Molly, that she should let him see her with no clothes on, if he would do the same by her. On fine evenings he used to sit out on his balcony waiting for the coming of the birds. And just at sunset, when the sky was most golden, there would be a twittering overhead, and the black, innumerable flocks of starlings would come sweeping across on the way from their daily haunts to their roosting-places, chosen so capriciously among the tree-planted squares and gardens of

the city and so tenaciously retained, year after year, to the exclusion of every other place. "I should think so." Gumbriel's answer was rather dim and remote. I'm busy and so naturally less interested in the subject than you; and I take care, what's more, to limit such interest as I have." "I was goin' up Ludgate 'Ill one day with a vanload of stuff for a chap in Clerkenwell. And coming forward with a conquering impulsiveness he took both her long, fine hands in his and raised them to his bearded mouth.

If you wanted me to build you this house, you'd have to live in Barbados or somewhere like that." "There's nothing I should like better," said Gumbriel Junior. "You should have seen me," he said, describing his beard. Bojanus smiled up at him tolerantly and kindly, as he might have smiled at some one who had suggested, shall we say, that evening trousers should be turned up at the bottom. She was dressed, rather depressingly, like a picture by Augustus John, in blue and orange. "I should hardly have recognized you," exclaimed Mr.

Viveash, "how this young man bores me!" "I confess," replied Gumbriel, "I have rather a taste for moralities. "N--n--nothing"--it sounded rather final. He, too, she noticed, was wearing a great-coat; which seemed rather odd. When all was ready here, she tiptoed across to her bedroom and sitting down at her dressing-table, began with hands that trembled a little with excitement to powder her nose, and heighten the colour of her cheeks. The assistant was rather pained by his coldness. Albemarle too should be fired. But it would be nobler, more in keeping, he felt, with his new life, to leave a justification behind--or rather not a justification, a denouncement. Between pilasters, their windows look out on to the Exchange, and the sister statues on the balustrades beckon to one another across the intervening space.

"And really, do you know, I rather like it. "I'll keep it on." "Well," said the leprechaun, leaning back in his chair and twinkling, bird-like, across the table. "I'm sorry we should have disagreed," said Mr. In the rather gloomy little turning off Lupus Street to which she had been directed, Rosie found the number, found, in the row of bells and cards, the name. How gleefully I should lead you all into it!" "I think you would do well," said Shearwater gravely, "to go and see a doctor." Coleman gave vent to a howl of delight. Viveash faintly and indomitably from the sofa that was almost genuinely a death-bed. The ghost of Gumbriel Senior stalked across the room. Or rather he had not confessed; that was too difficult. Milton called them that; he should have known. The young poet was safely there, sparkling across the tea-table. And I remember wondering and wondering--oh, it went on for years--every time I saw the picture; wondering why on earth that old bishop (for I did know it was a bishop) should be handing the naked old man a five-shilling piece." She opened a door; they were in her very pink room. She had made up her mind exactly what she should say to him; she had even made up her mind what Toto would say to her. And she would make him rather jealous by telling him how much she had liked Mr. He wrote several encyclicals and a syllabus." Gumbriel admired the phrase about less than average intelligence; Falarope Major should have at least one mark for having learnt it so well by heart. "I take things as they come." And as he spoke the words, suddenly he became rather disgusted with himself.

The Complete Man decided to consider her as tubular--flexible and tubular, like a section of boa constrictor, should one say. The forehead, that was mostly hidden by her hat; it might be pensively and serenely high, it might be of that degree of lowness which in men is villainous, but in women is only another--a rather rustic one perhaps, rather canaille even, but definitely

another--attraction. "It's rather absurd.

Not properly." Gumbriel Senior smiled rather sadly. Viveash, commanding peremptorily from her death-bed. I should never touch a drop of wine or another harlot again. For a great lady thoroughly accustomed to this sort of thing, she felt her heart beating rather unpleasantly fast. But she didn't know what things were coming to if people fairly shoved their way in like that. "I'm rather glad," said Mrs. And naturally the child had hunted with all his mother's ardour.

Over the plushy floors of some vast and ignoble Ritz slowly he walked, at ease, with confidence: over the plushy floors and there, at the end of a long vista, there was Myra Viveash, waiting, this time, for him; coming forward impatiently to meet him, his abject lover now, not the cool, free, laughing mistress who had lent herself contemptuously once to his pathetic and silent importunity and then, after a day, withdrawn the gift again.

Viveash, coming up from the other end of the counter where she had been buying stamps. "You should have seen me," he said, describing his beard. The real remedy, it suddenly flashed across his mind, would be trousers with pneumatic seats. Slipping her hands under the sleeves of her kimono, she began, lightly, delicately, with the tips of her fingers, to caress her own arms. Enthusiastically, his light floss of grey hair floating up and falling again about his head as he pointed and gesticulated, he told her; the great flocks assembled--goodness only knew where!--they flew across the golden sky, detaching here a little troop, there a whole legion, they flew until at last all had found their appointed resting-places and there were no more to fly. You can't watch them without coming to that conclusion." "A charming conclusion," said Mrs. "I should think so." Gumbriel's answer was rather dim and remote. I'm busy and so naturally less interested in the subject than you; and I take care, what's more, to limit such interest as I have."

"I was goin' up Ludgate 'Ill one day with a vanload of stuff for a chap in Clerkenwell. "How I should like to have a child," he went on without waiting for an answer. "It is unfortunate that when two or three are gathered together in God's name, or even in the more civilized name of Mercaptan of the delicious middle," Mercaptan dexterously parried the prod which Coleman aimed at him, "it is altogether deplorable that they should necessarily empest the air." Lypiatt had turned his eyes heavenwards. "How I recognize my Coleman!" he echoed, rather feebly. Happening to look out of the window at this moment, Gumbriel saw the name of the place painted across a lamp. Standing on the platform, Gumbriel made a complicated pantomime, signifying his regret by shrugging his shoulders and placing his hand on his heart; urging in excuse for his abrupt departure the necessity under which he laboured of alighting at this particular station--which he did by pointing at the name on the boards and lamps, then at himself, then at the village across the fields. How much happier we all should be if the real historical \_droit du Seigneur\_ had in fact been the mythical right of our 'pretty prurient imaginations'! And coming forward with a conquering impulsiveness he took both her long, fine hands in his and raised them to his bearded mouth.

"Oh, that!" said Gumbriel rather irritably. He could not resist the temptation, but coming up behind her bent down and kissed her, rather clumsily, on the back of her neck. Slipping her hands under the sleeves of her kimono, she began, lightly, delicately, with the tips of her fingers, to caress her own arms.

Mercaptan, rushing up to his emphasis with flutes and roaring, like a true Conquistador, to fall back, however, at the end of the sentence rather ignominiously into a breathless confusion. In

certain individuals, however, the faculty is naturally so well-developed--like the musical, or the mathematical, or the chess-playing faculties in other people--that they cannot help entering into direct communication with other minds, whether they want to or not.

"What's appalling?" he asked rather irritably. Think if he should wear the all-shell sports model with full dress! And since there are few who would not rather be taken in adultery than in provincialism, they rush out to buy four new pairs of spectacles. This was going to be the real thing--one of those long, those interminable, or, at any rate, indefinitely renewable conversations about love; witty, subtle, penetrating and bold, like the conversations in books, like the conversations across the tea-table between brilliant young poets and ladies of quality, grown fastidious through an excessive experience, fastidious and a little weary, but still, in their subtle way, insatiably curious. On the pale rose-stippled walls hung three portraits of herself by three different and entirely incongruous painters, a selection of the usual oranges and lemons, and a rather forbidding contemporary nude painted in two tones of green. THE MONSTER: If I knew her, I should know the universe! Her hands clasped round her knees, she sat quite still, looking out across the green expanses, at the trees, at the white clouds on the horizon. And I should have been your slave, I should have been your property and lived inside your life. There was the mirage across the desiccated plains, the mirage one knew to be deceptive and which, on a second glance, proved not even to be a mirage, but merely a few livery spots behind the eyes. And I should have been your slave, I should have been your property and lived inside your life. THE MONSTER: If I knew her, I should know the universe! And if Roger should by any chance.... Viveash suggested they should go. The assistant was rather pained by his coldness. The kidneys are so beautifully organized; they do their work of regulation with such a miraculous--it's hard to find another word--such a positively divine precision, such knowledge and wisdom, that there's no reason why your archetypal man, whoever he is, or any one else, for that matter, should be ashamed of owning a pair." Coleman clapped his hands. She was dressed, rather depressingly, like a picture by Augustus John, in blue and orange.

"No," he said, "I don't think I do." "Why don't you?" "Why should I? The Artist walked across the world and the mangy dogs ran yelping and snapping behind him.

Emily smiled rather sadly. "Twenty-five, I should imagine," said Mrs. Viveash, "how this young man bores me!" "I confess," replied Gumbriel, "I have rather a taste for moralities. (\_He goes out.\_) THE PROSTITUTE: Nice state of things we're coming to, when young rips try and swindle us poor girls out of our money! It had a rather gross, snouty look, which was sadly out of harmony with Mr. "No, if I glory in anything, it's in my little rococo boudoir, and the conversations across the polished mahogany, and the delicate, lascivious, \_witty\_ little flirtations on ample sofas inhabited by the soul of Crebillon Fils. "One reality," he cried, "there is only one reality." "One reality," Coleman reached out a hand across the table and caressed Zoe's bare white arm, "and that is callipygous." Zoe jabbed at his hand with her fork. "How I should like to have a child," he went on without waiting for an answer. Not quarrelling with me is only a rather negative satisfaction, I'm afraid." "I propose to leave the country to-morrow morning," said Gumbriel. Viveash faintly and indomitably from the sofa that was almost genuinely a death-bed. "You should have seen me," he said, describing his beard. "I should have been bowled over." "You shall see me, then," said Gumbriel.

Viveash, commanding peremptorily from her death-bed. It was really rather difficult to explain.

"What puzzles me," he went on, "is why your anonymous friend should have chosen my address out of all the millions of others. "Like a smile of false teeth," he shouted across the widening gulf, and disappeared in the crowd.

Twenty-five steps to the first floor--one flight of thirteen, which was rather disagreeably ominous, and one of twelve. It was no wonder that Lypiatt should have walked, bent like Atlas under the weight of a world. Ships meanwhile were walloping across the Atlantic freighted with more cigars. Clumsily, filling the space that two ordinary men would occupy, Shearwater came zigzagging and lurching across the room, bumped against the work-table and the sofa as he passed, and finally sat down in the indicated chair. Mercaptan, coming back across the room to where Rosie was still irresolutely standing. It was really rather difficult to explain. He wrote several encyclicals and a syllabus." Gumbriel admired the phrase about less than average intelligence; Falarope Major should have at least one mark for having learnt it so well by heart. "How should I know?" she asked, implying that she could not foresee what her caprice might be an hour hence. "It's rather absurd. In certain individuals, however, the faculty is naturally so well-developed--like the musical, or the mathematical, or the chess-playing faculties in other people--that they cannot help entering into direct communication with other minds, whether they want to or not. "You should have seen me," he said, describing his beard. "I should have been bowled over." "You shall see me, then," said Gumbriel.

He had suggested she should go in for stencilling patterns on Government linen. With her left hand she held back the flowing pink sleeve of her kimono so that it should not trail in the plates or the tureen. We've got to make those who don't wear them feel rather uncomfortable. I want to be happy and contented and successful; and of course I should work better if I were. Viveash was irritated by a suspicion, which was probably, after all, quite unjustified, that Casimir had been rather consciously absorbed in his work; that he had heard her first knock and plunged the more profoundly into those depths of absorption where the true artist always dwells, or at any rate ought to dwell; to rise at her third appeal with a slow, pained reluctance, cursing, perhaps, at the importunity of a world which thus noisily interrupted the flow of his inspiration. Viveash suggested they should go. "Will one ever recapture the old thrills?" she asked rather fatiguedly as they drove slowly through the traffic of Regent Street. CHAPTER XV They were playing that latest novelty from across the water, "What's he to Hecuba?" Sweet, sweet and piercing, the saxophone pierced into the very bowels of compassion and tenderness, pierced like a revelation from heaven, pierced like the angel's treacly dart into the holy Teresa's quivering and ecstasiated flank. "How are you?" he asked across the music. "What puzzles me," he went on, "is why your anonymous friend should have chosen my address out of all the millions of others. And coming forward with a conquering impulsiveness he took both her long, fine hands in his and raised them to his bearded mouth. Being happy is rather melancholy--like the most beautiful landscape, like those trees and the grass and the clouds and the sunshine to-day." "From the outside," said Gumbriel, "it even looks rather dull." They stumbled up the dark staircase to his rooms.

He was not prepared for that, though perhaps he should have been. "I don't know why you should be forgiving me," she said, laughing. He seems to flit like a butterfly in search of honey, or rather money." "And he makes it?" "Well, he pays my fees and he buys more Tudor houses, and he gives me luncheons at the Ritz. Still," he looked at his son over the top of his spectacles,

"if by any conceivable chance you ever should become rich; if, if, if...." And he emphasized the remoteness of the conditional by raising his eyebrows a little higher, by throwing out his hands in a dubious gesture a little farther at every repetition of the word, "if--why, then I've got exactly the thing for you. He was dressed in a velveteen jacket and linen trousers that should have been white, but needed washing. If you wanted me to build you this house, you'd have to live in Barbados or somewhere like that." "There's nothing I should like better," said Gumbriel Junior. I'm in luck to have got the job, of course, but really, that a civilized man should have to do jobs like that! Consider, dear cow, consider, consider." He got up from his chair and tiptoed across the room to the writing-table. Mercaptan, coming back across the room to where Rosie was still irresolutely standing. His beard tickled her neck; shivering a little, she brought down the magnolia petals across her eyes. "I should think so." Gumbriel's answer was rather dim and remote. He was declaiming now; not merely across the dinner table to his own friends, but to the whole restaurant. Over the plushy floors of some vast and ignoble Ritz slowly he walked, at ease, with confidence: over the plushy floors and there, at the end of a long vista, there was Myra Viveash, waiting, this time, for him; coming forward impatiently to meet him, his abject lover now, not the cool, free, laughing mistress who had lent herself contemptuously once to his pathetic and silent importunity and then, after a day, withdrawn the gift again. In the end, however, she followed him across a little vestibule into a bright, whitewashed room empty of all furniture but a table, a few chairs and a large box-spring and mattress, which stood like an island in the middle of the floor and served as bed or sofa as occasion required. The breezes stirred in his grey hair, tossing it up in long, light wisps that fell across his forehead and over his spectacles; and then he would shake his head impatiently, and the bony hand would be freed for a moment from its unceasing combing and clutching of the sparse grey beard to push back the strayed tendrils, to smooth and reduce to order the whole ruffled head. "Look at this one, for example." He picked his way nimbly across the room, seized the little electric reading-lamp that stood between a railway station and a baptistery on the mantelpiece, and was back again in an instant, trailing behind him a long flex that, as it tautened out, twitched one of the crowning pinnacles off the top of a sky-scraper near the fireplace. If you wanted me to build you this house, you'd have to live in Barbados or somewhere like that." "There's nothing I should like better," said Gumbriel Junior. The Artist walked across the world and the mangy dogs ran yelping and snapping behind him. And I should have been your slave, I should have been your property and lived inside your life. Wasn't she perhaps the one unique being with whom he might have learned to await in quietness the final coming of that lovely terrible thing, from before the sound of whose secret footsteps more than once and oh! "No," he said, "I don't think I do." "Why don't you?" "Why should I?" "That's all as it should be, all as I intended." He sat down beside her on the divan. "One can never tell." "I should have thought one could," said Mrs. "I'm rather glad," said Mrs. Happening to look out of the window at this moment, Gumbriel saw the name of the place painted across a lamp. Standing on the platform, Gumbriel made a complicated pantomime, signifying his regret by shrugging his shoulders and placing his hand on his heart; urging in excuse for his abrupt departure the necessity under which he laboured of alighting at this particular station--which he did by pointing at the name on the boards and lamps, then at himself, then at the village across the fields. He seems to flit like a butterfly in search of honey, or rather money." "And he makes it?" "Well, he pays my fees and he buys

more Tudor houses, and he gives me luncheons at the Ritz. Still," he looked at his son over the top of his spectacles, "if by any conceivable chance you ever should become rich; if, if, if...." And he emphasized the remoteness of the conditional by raising his eyebrows a little higher, by throwing out his hands in a dubious gesture a little farther at every repetition of the word, "if--why, then I've got exactly the thing for you. "One should be happily in love to enjoy a summer night under the trees." He wondered where Emily could be now. It stopped rather suddenly, however, at the corner of the Edgware Road. He was dressed in a velveteen jacket and linen trousers that should have been white, but needed washing. Viveash, commanding peremptorily from her death-bed. I should never touch a drop of wine or another harlot again. "Then you should try," said Gumbriel, whose hands had begun to creep softly forward into the Twelfth Sonata. "You should try." "But I do try," said Mrs. "No, if I glory in anything, it's in my little rococo boudoir, and the conversations across the polished mahogany, and the delicate, lascivious, \_witty\_ little flirtations on ample sofas inhabited by the soul of Crebillon Fils. "I think it's rather revolting," she said, and was very busy with the bandage. "Only because it's rather unpleasant.

"Then you should try," said Gumbriel, whose hands had begun to creep softly forward into the Twelfth Sonata. If she had liked him, she would have run her fingers through his hair; but somehow his hair rather disgusted her.

It made me cry and cry, so that I thought I should never be able to stop. It wasn't merely a question of your coming being put off for a day; it was a question of its being put off for ever, of my never seeing you again. He had met her, or rather the Complete Man, flushed with his commercial triumphs as he returned from his victory over Mr. But she didn't know what things were coming to if people fairly shoved their way in like that. Viveash was irritated by a suspicion, which was probably, after all, quite unjustified, that Casimir had been rather consciously absorbed in his work; that he had heard her first knock and plunged the more profoundly into those depths of absorption where the true artist always dwells, or at any rate ought to dwell; to rise at her third appeal with a slow, pained reluctance, cursing, perhaps, at the importunity of a world which thus noisily interrupted the flow of his inspiration.

"You should persevere." She looked at him, smiling. "It is unfortunate that when two or three are gathered together in God's name, or even in the more civilized name of Mercaptan of the delicious middle," Mercaptan dexterously parried the prod which Coleman aimed at him, "it is altogether deplorable that they should necessarily empest the air." Lypiatt had turned his eyes heavenwards. How gleefully I should lead you all into it!" "I think you would do well," said Shearwater gravely, "to go and see a doctor." Coleman gave vent to a howl of delight.

"Good-bye," Coleman called back; and immediately afterwards jumped to his feet and made a dash across the room towards her. Pelvey's method of reciting them made them sound rather different. Or rather he had not confessed; that was too difficult. Emily smiled rather sadly. She had made up her mind exactly what she should say to him; she had even made up her mind what Toto would say to her. And she would make him rather jealous by telling him how much she had liked Mr. Why his fourteen plane trees should have been chosen, Mr. The breezes stirred in his grey hair, tossing it up in long, light wisps that fell across his forehead and over his spectacles; and then he would shake his head impatiently, and the bony hand would be freed for a moment from its unceasing combing and clutching of the sparse grey beard to push back



the strayed tendrils, to smooth and reduce to order the whole ruffled head. For a great lady thoroughly accustomed to this sort of thing, she felt her heart beating rather unpleasantly fast. "And astonished." He looked at her. Viveash, coming up from the other end of the counter where she had been buying stamps. But she didn't know what things were coming to if people fairly shoved their way in like that. Then, as soon as Rosie had stepped across the threshold, she cut off her retreat with a bang and went off, muttering all the time, towards her kitchen. "One should be happily in love to enjoy a summer night under the trees." He wondered where Emily could be now. "I should like to see the lights again. "I'm most grateful to you, sir, most grateful." And he hurried away, to get to the Cattle Show before the King should arrive. Not properly." Gumbriel Senior smiled rather sadly. "It's rather stupid." "You're perfectly right," said Gumbriel. It made me cry and cry, so that I thought I should never be able to stop. Mercaptan's grand affair in white satin and carved and gilded wood, but still a sofa--lay with her feet on the arm of it and her long suave legs exposed, by the slipping of the kimono, to the top of her stretched stockings. Mercaptan, coming back across the room to where Rosie was still irresolutely standing. It was really rather difficult to explain. "Will one ever recapture the old thrills?" she asked rather fatiguedly as they drove slowly through the traffic of Regent Street. "Then you should try," said Gumbriel, whose hands had begun to creep softly forward into the Twelfth Sonata. And naturally the child had hunted with all his mother's ardour.

All chance encounters, all plotted opportunities recurred; he knew, now, how to live, how to take advantage of them. But it would be nobler, more in keeping, he felt, with his new life, to leave a justification behind--or rather not a justification, a denouncement. "You should try." "But I do try," said Mrs. How much happier we all should be if the real historical \_droit du Seigneur\_ had in fact been the mythical right of our 'pretty prurient imaginations'!

CHAPTER IV Lypiatt had a habit, which some of his friends found rather trying--and not only friends, for Lypiatt was ready to let the merest acquaintances, the most absolute strangers, even, into the secrets of his inspiration--a habit of reciting at every possible opportunity his own verses. He was declaiming now; not merely across the dinner table to his own friends, but to the whole restaurant. "Why should I?" "It would be natural curiosity." "But I know all I want to know," he said. He was not prepared for that, though perhaps he should have been. In certain individuals, however, the faculty is naturally so well-developed--like the musical, or the mathematical, or the chess-playing faculties in other people--that they cannot help entering into direct communication with other minds, whether they want to or not. "I'm sorry you should have been unhappy about it," she said.

Mercaptan, rushing up to his emphasis with flutes and roaring, like a true Conquistador, to fall back, however, at the end of the sentence rather ignominiously into a breathless confusion. He was a sleek, comfortable young man with smooth brown hair parted in the centre and conducted in a pair of flowing curves across the temples, to be looped in damp curls behind his ears.

Gumbriel mentioned your name and suggested I should come and see you to find out if you would perhaps be agreeable to lending us your talent for this work. It seemed rather dull and second-rate after Sloane Street and Mr. "How I should like to have a child," he went on without waiting for an answer. "It is unfortunate that when two or three are gathered together in God's name, or even in the more civilized name of Mercaptan of the delicious middle," Mercaptan dexterously parried the prod which Coleman aimed at him, "it is altogether deplorable that they

should necessarily empest the air." Lypiatt had turned his eyes heavenwards.

It's important for 'is interests that he should be recognized easily. It must be pleasant, I should think, to hand oneself over to somebody else. Over the plushy floors of some vast and ignoble Ritz slowly he walked, at ease, with confidence: over the plushy floors and there, at the end of a long vista, there was Myra Viveash, waiting, this time, for him; coming forward impatiently to meet him, his abject lover now, not the cool, free, laughing mistress who had lent herself contemptuously once to his pathetic and silent importunity and then, after a day, withdrawn the gift again.

It's important for 'is interests that he should be recognized easily. It must be pleasant, I should think, to hand oneself over to somebody else. "Oh, that!" said Gumbriel rather irritably. "In this painting," he said, "I symbolize the Artist's conquering spirit--rushing on the universe, making it its own." He began to declaim: "Look down, Conquistador, There on the valley's broad green floor, There lies the lake, the jewelled cities gleam, Chalco and Tlacopan Awaiting the coming Man; Look down on Mexico, Conquistador, Land of your golden dream. There was the mirage across the desiccated plains, the mirage one knew to be deceptive and which, on a second glance, proved not even to be a mirage, but merely a few livery spots behind the eyes. Wasn't she perhaps the one unique being with whom he might have learned to await in quietness the final coming of that lovely terrible thing, from before the sound of whose secret footsteps more than once and oh! Viveash, coming up from the other end of the counter where she had been buying stamps. "You should have seen me," he said, describing his beard.

He had suggested she should go in for stencilling patterns on Government linen. With her left hand she held back the flowing pink sleeve of her kimono so that it should not trail in the plates or the tureen.

And that if it does exist, it's unlikely that patent medicine makers should have found out facts unknown to the professors at the universities. People know there's such a thing as medical science and they again feel it's improbable that manufacturers should know things ignored by the doctors. And just at sunset, when the sky was most golden, there would be a twittering overhead, and the black, innumerable flocks of starlings would come sweeping across on the way from their daily haunts to their roosting-places, chosen so capriciously among the tree-planted squares and gardens of the city and so tenaciously retained, year after year, to the exclusion of every other place. The man of genius, he liked to say, bears upon his brow a kind of mark of Cain, by which men recognize him at once--"and having recognized, generally stone him," he would add with that peculiar laugh he always uttered whenever he said anything rather bitter or cynical; a laugh that was meant to show that the bitterness, the cynicism, justifiable as events might have made them, were really only a mask, and that beneath it the artist was still serenely and tragically smiling. "You should take a cottage in the country," said Gumbriel, "buy a pony and a governess cart and drive along the twiddly lanes looking for flowers. Viveash people always euphemistically 'liked' one another rather a lot, even when it was a case of the most frightful and excruciating passion, the most complete abandonments. It seemed incredible, and also, as she looked at her husband's face--the face behind its bristlingly manly mask of a harassed baby--also rather pathetically absurd. His beard tickled her neck; shivering a little, she brought down the magnolia petals across her eyes. The Complete Man lifted her up, walked across the room carrying the fastidious lady in his arms and deposited her on the rosy

catfalque of the bed. It made me cry and cry, so that I thought I should never be able to stop. Viveash, commanding peremptorily from her death-bed. I should never touch a drop of wine or another harlot again. And that she should like him? It was no wonder that Lypiatt should have walked, bent like Atlas under the weight of a world. Mercaptan had made him look rather tarnished. She had made up her mind exactly what she should say to him; she had even made up her mind what Toto would say to her. If he had asked me, I should answer: why not? The kidneys are so beautifully organized; they do their work of regulation with such a miraculous--it's hard to find another word--such a positively divine precision, such knowledge and wisdom, that there's no reason why your archetypal man, whoever he is, or any one else, for that matter, should be ashamed of owning a pair." Coleman clapped his hands. When all was ready here, she tiptoed across to her bedroom and sitting down at her dressing-table, began with hands that trembled a little with excitement to powder her nose, and heighten the colour of her cheeks. "What can I do?" He hovered rather ineptly round her. The man of genius, he liked to say, bears upon his brow a kind of mark of Cain, by which men recognize him at once--"and having recognized, generally stone him," he would add with that peculiar laugh he always uttered whenever he said anything rather bitter or cynical; a laugh that was meant to show that the bitterness, the cynicism, justifiable as events might have made them, were really only a mask, and that beneath it the artist was still serenely and tragically smiling. He shut the door after them and turned back across the little hall. It was one of Casimir's abstract paintings: a procession of machine-like forms rushing up diagonally from right to left across the canvas, with as it were a spray of energy blowing back from the crest of the wave towards the top right-hand corner. "In this painting," he said, "I symbolize the Artist's conquering spirit--rushing on the universe, making it its own." He began to declaim: "Look down, Conquistador, There on the valley's broad green floor, There lies the lake, the jewelled cities gleam, Chalco and Tlacopan Awaiting the coming Man; Look down on Mexico, Conquistador, Land of your golden dream. "That's all as it should be, all as I intended." He sat down beside her on the divan. "They used to have such good peep-shows in this street," Gumbriel tenderly remembered: "Little back shops where you paid twopence to see the genuine mermaid, which turned out to be a stuffed walrus, and the tattooed lady, and the dwarf, and the living statuary, which one always hoped, as a boy, was really going to be rather naked and thrilling, but which was always the most pathetic of unemployed barmaids, dressed in the thickest of pink Jaeger." "Do you think there'd be any of those now?" asked Mrs. That would be some slight compensation for my"--he tapped his foot with the end of his walking-stick--"my accident." "You're depressed too?" "One should never drink at luncheon," said Gumbriel. One should also never think of the past and never for one moment consider the future.

This was going to be the real thing--one of those long, those interminable, or, at any rate, indefinitely renewable conversations about love; witty, subtle, penetrating and bold, like the conversations in books, like the conversations across the tea-table between brilliant young poets and ladies of quality, grown fastidious through an excessive experience, fastidious and a little weary, but still, in their subtle way, insatiably curious. "Theodore!" she hallooed faintly but penetratingly, from her inward death-bed. "And astonished." He looked at her. "The German professors have catalogued thousands of people whose whole pleasure consists in eating dung." The young man smiled and nodded, rather vaguely. And he had fancied that he really

looked rather elegant and distinguished (but, after all, he always looked that, even in rags)--no, that he looked positively neat, like Mr. Bojanus smiled up at him tolerantly and kindly, as he might have smiled at some one who had suggested, shall we say, that evening trousers should be turned up at the bottom. On fine evenings he used to sit out on his balcony waiting for the coming of the birds. And just at sunset, when the sky was most golden, there would be a twittering overhead, and the black, innumerable flocks of starlings would come sweeping across on the way from their daily haunts to their roosting-places, chosen so capriciously among the tree-planted squares and gardens of the city and so tenaciously retained, year after year, to the exclusion of every other place. The forehead, that was mostly hidden by her hat; it might be pensively and serenely high, it might be of that degree of lowness which in men is villainous, but in women is only another--a rather rustic one perhaps, rather canaille even, but definitely another--attraction. When she had finished looking at the New Season's Models she moved slowly on, halting for a moment before the travelling trunks and the fitted picnic baskets; dwelling for a full minute over the corsets, passing the hats, for some reason, rather contemptuously, but pausing, which seemed strange, for a long pensive look at the cigars and wine. "They used to have such good peep-shows in this street," Gumbriel tenderly remembered: "Little back shops where you paid twopence to see the genuine mermaid, which turned out to be a stuffed walrus, and the tattooed lady, and the dwarf, and the living statuary, which one always hoped, as a boy, was really going to be rather naked and thrilling, but which was always the most pathetic of unemployed barmaids, dressed in the thickest of pink Jaeger." "Do you think there'd be any of those now?" asked Mrs. "One can never tell." "I should have thought one could," said Mrs. We must make the bank clerk and the civil servant feel proud of being what they are and at the same time feel ashamed that, being such splendid people, they should have to submit to the indignity of having blistered hind-quarters.

"I'll keep it on." "Well," said the leprechaun, leaning back in his chair and twinkling, bird-like, across the table. "I should have been bowled over." "You shall see me, then," said Gumbriel. "I don't know why you should be forgiving me," she said, laughing. Her hands clasped round her knees, she sat quite still, looking out across the green expanses, at the trees, at the white clouds on the horizon. The square in which it stood was steadily coming down in the world. But it would be nobler, more in keeping, he felt, with his new life, to leave a justification behind--or rather not a justification, a denouncement. Why his fourteen plane trees should have been chosen, Mr. Emily smiled rather sadly. Not quarrelling with me is only a rather negative satisfaction, I'm afraid." "I propose to leave the country to-morrow morning," said Gumbriel. "What can I do?" He hovered rather ineptly round her. The young poet was safely there, sparkling across the tea-table. Pelvey retreated from the eagle, and the organ presaged the coming Te Deum. It was an essential part of their education that they should listen to the word of revelation without pneumatic easement.

"No," he said, "I don't think I do." "Why don't you?" "Why should I? Viveash people always euphemistically 'liked' one another rather a lot, even when it was a case of the most frightful and excruciating passion, the most complete abandonments. But then, when you seemed to make rather a joke of it--why did you say 'a little indisposed?' that seemed, somehow, so stupid, I thought--and said you were coming to-morrow, it wasn't that which upset me; it was the dreadful, dreadful disappointment.

Viveash, "how this young man bores me!" "I confess," replied Gumbriel, "I have rather a taste for moralities. On fine evenings he used to sit out on his balcony waiting for the coming of the birds. And just at sunset, when the sky was most golden, there would be a twittering overhead, and the black, innumerable flocks of starlings would come sweeping across on the way from their daily haunts to their roosting-places, chosen so capriciously among the tree-planted squares and gardens of the city and so tenaciously retained, year after year, to the exclusion of every other place. "I'll keep it on." "Well," said the leprechaun, leaning back in his chair and twinkling, bird-like, across the table. If these creatures are to be taught anything, it should be something hard and definite. His face ought to have been rather more exquisite, rather more refinedly \_dix-huitieme\_ than it actually was.

The young poet was safely there, sparkling across the tea-table. And I remember wondering and wondering--oh, it went on for years--every time I saw the picture; wondering why on earth that old bishop (for I did know it was a bishop) should be handing the naked old man a five-shilling piece." She opened a door; they were in her very pink room. Milton called them that; he should have known. I'm busy and so naturally less interested in the subject than you; and I take care, what's more, to limit such interest as I have." "I was goin' up Ludgate 'Ill one day with a vanload of stuff for a chap in Clerkenwell. In or --oh, these dates!--he had made a pact with his little cousin, Molly, that she should let him see her with no clothes on, if he would do the same by her. If she had liked him, she would have run her fingers through his hair; but somehow his hair rather disgusted her. The Artist walked across the world and the mangy dogs ran yelping and snapping behind him. I want to be happy and contented and successful; and of course I should work better if I were. "I should have thought that it was to the politician's interest to look respectable and normal." "But it is still more to his interest as a leader of men to look distinguished," Mr. And since there are few who would not rather be taken in adultery than in provincialism, they rush out to buy four new pairs of spectacles. "It may be rather difficult," said Gumbriel, shaking his head. Viveash, commanding peremptorily from her death-bed. I should never touch a drop of wine or another harlot again. "I have it rather on my conscience," said Shearwater. "You should take a cottage in the country," said Gumbriel, "buy a pony and a governess cart and drive along the twiddly lanes looking for flowers. He must know me, or, at any rate, know about me." "I should imagine," said Rosie, "that you have a lot of friends." Mr. Mercaptan's grand affair in white satin and carved and gilded wood, but still a sofa--lay with her feet on the arm of it and her long suave legs exposed, by the slipping of the kimono, to the top of her stretched stockings. "And really, do you know, I rather like it. "Only rather a bore...." Her voice expired altogether. "I can imagine," he had said to her yesterday, "I can imagine myself giving up everything, work and all, to go running round after you." "And do you suppose I should enjoy that?" Mrs. "I take things as they come." And as he spoke the words, suddenly he became rather disgusted with himself. People know there's such a thing as medical science and they again feel it's improbable that manufacturers should know things ignored by the doctors. We've got to make those who don't wear them feel rather uncomfortable. "No," he said, "I don't think I do." "Why don't you?" "Why should I? "I should think so." Gumbriel's answer was rather dim and remote. He, too, she noticed, was wearing a great-coat; which seemed rather odd. He had suggested she should go in for stencilling patterns on Government linen. And coming forward with a conquering impulsiveness he took both her long, fine hands in his and raised them to his

bearded mouth. "Good-bye," Coleman called back; and immediately afterwards jumped to his feet and made a dash across the room towards her. With her left hand she held back the flowing pink sleeve of her kimono so that it should not trail in the plates or the tureen. He was declaiming now; not merely across the dinner table to his own friends, but to the whole restaurant. There on the valley's broad green floor, There lies the lake; the jewelled cities gleam; Chalco and Tlacopan Awaiting the coming Man. Or at least it did exist, but as something deplorably different from what we love to picture it." And he went on, eruditely, to refer to that Council of Carthage which, in , demanded of the faithful that they should be continent on their wedding-night. Still," he looked at his son over the top of his spectacles, "if by any conceivable chance you ever should become rich; if, if, if..." And he emphasized the remoteness of the conditional by raising his eyebrows a little higher, by throwing out his hands in a dubious gesture a little farther at every repetition of the word, "if--why, then I've got exactly the thing for you. "You see the idea," he said, anxious lest they should fail to understand. "I'm rather glad," said Mrs. It is regrettable that birth control should have begun at the wrong end of the scale. It must be pleasant, I should think, to hand oneself over to somebody else. The Complete Man decided to consider her as tubular--flexible and tubular, like a section of boa constrictor, should one say. On fine evenings he used to sit out on his balcony waiting for the coming of the birds. And just at sunset, when the sky was most golden, there would be a twittering overhead, and the black, innumerable flocks of starlings would come sweeping across on the way from their daily haunts to their roosting-places, chosen so capriciously among the tree-planted squares and gardens of the city and so tenaciously retained, year after year, to the exclusion of every other place. He was walking up the Venetian Room, feeling as full of swaggering vitality as the largest composition of Veronese, when he heard, gigglingly whispered just behind him his Open Sesame to new adventure, "Beaver." He spun round on his tracks and found himself face to face with two rather startled young women. But perhaps after a little tea----" He leaned forward to look at the figures on the taximeter, for the cab had come to a standstill--"after a nip of the tannin stimulant"--he threw open the door--"we may feel rather better." Mrs. On fine evenings he used to sit out on his balcony waiting for the coming of the birds. He seems to flit like a butterfly in search of honey, or rather money." "And he makes it?" "Well, he pays my fees and he buys more Tudor houses, and he gives me luncheons at the Ritz. Still," he looked at his son over the top of his spectacles, "if by any conceivable chance you ever should become rich; if, if, if..." And he emphasized the remoteness of the conditional by raising his eyebrows a little higher, by throwing out his hands in a dubious gesture a little farther at every repetition of the word, "if--why, then I've got exactly the thing for you. "How are you?" he asked across the music. "How I recognize my Coleman!" he echoed, rather feebly. "This conversation is rather beyond me," he said gravely. It seemed to me wonderful to get rather tipsy. "Then you should try," said Gumbriel, whose hands had begun to creep softly forward into the Twelfth Sonata. What should he do about it? "It just occurred to me," Shearwater began again in his rather ponderous, infelicitous way, "that you mightn't be very happy, Rosie." Rosie looked up at him and laughed. He was a sleek, comfortable young man with smooth brown hair parted in the centre and conducted in a pair of flowing curves across the temples, to be looped in damp curls behind his ears. His face ought to have been rather more exquisite, rather more refinedly \_dix-huitieme\_ than it actually was. "Am I a brute too?" And behind his beard, suddenly, he felt rather a brute. "It's rather

stupid." "You're perfectly right," said Gumbriel. "Why should I?" "It would be natural curiosity." "But I know all I want to know," he said. In the rather gloomy little turning off Lupus Street to which she had been directed, Rosie found the number, found, in the row of bells and cards, the name.

"Then you should try," said Gumbriel, whose hands had begun to creep softly forward into the Twelfth Sonata. And if Roger should by any chance.... THE MONSTER: Or, rather, I should be able to ignore it, having a private universe of my own. He ran down the stairs and across the tiled hall, he pushed his way firmly but politely between the talkers. Porteous was an expert on Late Latin poetry; and he did not mean that you should guess. Viveash people always euphemistically 'liked' one another rather a lot, even when it was a case of the most frightful and excruciating passion, the most complete abandonments. It seemed incredible, and also, as she looked at her husband's face--the face behind its bristlingly manly mask of a harassed baby--also rather pathetically absurd. He sits up--or rather stands, reels, trots up--dancing and drinking. If these creatures are to be taught anything, it should be something hard and definite. "Look at this one, for example." He picked his way nimbly across the room, seized the little electric reading-lamp that stood between a railway station and a baptistery on the mantelpiece, and was back again in an instant, trailing behind him a long flex that, as it tautened out, twitched one of the crowning pinnacles off the top of a sky-scraper near the fireplace. If you wanted me to build you this house, you'd have to live in Barbados or somewhere like that." "There's nothing I should like better," said Gumbriel Junior. Wasn't she perhaps the one unique being with whom he might have learned to await in quietness the final coming of that lovely terrible thing, from before the sound of whose secret footsteps more than once and oh! "Theodore!" she hallooed faintly but penetratingly, from her inward death-bed. But it would be nobler, more in keeping, he felt, with his new life, to leave a justification behind--or rather not a justification, a denouncement. The square in which it stood was steadily coming down in the world. I want to be happy and contented and successful; and of course I should work better if I were. "Look at this one, for example." He picked his way nimbly across the room, seized the little electric reading-lamp that stood between a railway station and a baptistery on the mantelpiece, and was back again in an instant, trailing behind him a long flex that, as it tautened out, twitched one of the crowning pinnacles off the top of a sky-scraper near the fireplace. If you wanted me to build you this house, you'd have to live in Barbados or somewhere like that." "There's nothing I should like better," said Gumbriel Junior. If these creatures are to be taught anything, it should be something hard and definite. He seems to flit like a butterfly in search of honey, or rather money." "And he makes it?" "Well, he pays my fees and he buys more Tudor houses, and he gives me luncheons at the Ritz. "I'm most grateful to you, sir, most grateful." And he hurried away, to get to the Cattle Show before the King should arrive. "Those leopards are rather nice," she said, and looked at the catalogue again. He was dressed in a velveteen jacket and linen trousers that should have been white, but needed washing.

Viveash faintly and indomitably from the sofa that was almost genuinely a death-bed. "Well, then, they should do it where we can see them." "What's he to Hecuba?" "Nothing at all," Gumbriel clownishly sang. He was not prepared for that, though perhaps he should have been. "I don't know why you should be forgiving me," she said, laughing. Or at least it did exist, but as something deplorably different from what we love to picture it." And

he went on, eruditely, to refer to that Council of Carthage which, in , demanded of the faithful that they should be continent on their wedding-night. When she had finished looking at the New Season's Models she moved slowly on, halting for a moment before the travelling trunks and the fitted picnic baskets; dwelling for a full minute over the corsets, passing the hats, for some reason, rather contemptuously, but pausing, which seemed strange, for a long pensive look at the cigars and wine. The river is embanked from Blackfriars to the Tower, and at every twenty paces a grave stone angel looks out from the piers of the balustrade across the water.... He had met her, or rather the Complete Man, flushed with his commercial triumphs as he returned from his victory over Mr. Bojanus smiled up at him tolerantly and kindly, as he might have smiled at some one who had suggested, shall we say, that evening trousers should be turned up at the bottom. But then, when you seemed to make rather a joke of it--why did you say 'a little indisposed?' that seemed, somehow, so stupid, I thought--and said you were coming to-morrow, it wasn't that which upset me; it was the dreadful, dreadful disappointment. It made me cry and cry, so that I thought I should never be able to stop. Mercaptan's rather technical sense of the term, as free of all prejudices as the great exponent of civilization himself. And coming forward with a conquering impulsiveness he took both her long, fine hands in his and raised them to his bearded mouth. "I have it rather on my conscience," said Shearwater. Viveash people always euphemistically 'liked' one another rather a lot, even when it was a case of the most frightful and excruciating passion, the most complete abandonments. I should have met you at the station with the horse and trap from the Chequers, and we'd have driven back to the cottage--and you'd have loved the cottage. I meant that you should be.

"What's appalling?" he asked rather irritably. In the rather gloomy little turning off Lupus Street to which she had been directed, Rosie found the number, found, in the row of bells and cards, the name. Being happy is rather melancholy--like the most beautiful landscape, like those trees and the grass and the clouds and the sunshine to-day." "From the outside," said Gumbriel, "it even looks rather dull." They stumbled up the dark staircase to his rooms. If she had liked him, she would have run her fingers through his hair; but somehow his hair rather disgusted her. We must make the bank clerk and the civil servant feel proud of being what they are and at the same time feel ashamed that, being such splendid people, they should have to submit to the indignity of having blistered hind-quarters. And that if it does exist, it's unlikely that patent medicine makers should have found out facts unknown to the professors at the universities. "You should take a cottage in the country," said Gumbriel, "buy a pony and a governess cart and drive along the twiddly lanes looking for flowers. With her left hand she held back the flowing pink sleeve of her kimono so that it should not trail in the plates or the tureen. The man of genius, he liked to say, bears upon his brow a kind of mark of Cain, by which men recognize him at once--"and having recognized, generally stone him," he would add with that peculiar laugh he always uttered whenever he said anything rather bitter or cynical; a laugh that was meant to show that the bitterness, the cynicism, justifiable as events might have made them, were really only a mask, and that beneath it the artist was still serenely and tragically smiling. "Pleased?" exclaimed Lypiatt; "I should think I was." Gumbriel might have reminded him that he had been as well pleased in the past and that 'they' had by no means been bowled over. The ghost of Gumbriel Senior stalked across the room. And I remember wondering and wondering--oh, it went on for years--every time I saw the picture; wondering why on earth that



old bishop (for I did know it was a bishop) should be handing the naked old man a five-shilling piece." She opened a door; they were in her very pink room. "Like a smile of false teeth," he shouted across the widening gulf, and disappeared in the crowd.

"The German professors have catalogued thousands of people whose whole pleasure consists in eating dung." The young man smiled and nodded, rather vaguely. "Nobody did." Why should they know now?

Viveash had been reduced, by the violence of her headache, to coming home after her luncheon with Piers Cotton for a rest. And that she should like him? "I'm sorry we should have disagreed," said Mr. Ships meanwhile were walloping across the Atlantic freighted with more cigars. People know there's such a thing as medical science and they again feel it's improbable that manufacturers should know things ignored by the doctors. "No, if I glory in anything, it's in my little rococo boudoir, and the conversations across the polished mahogany, and the delicate, lascivious, \_witty\_ little flirtations on ample sofas inhabited by the soul of Crebillon Fils. Lypiatt laughed, rather uncomfortably, and no longer on the Titanic scale. On the contrary, she was very sorry for him; and, what was more, he rather bored her.

And that she should like him? It was no wonder that Lypiatt should have walked, bent like Atlas under the weight of a world. If he had met her years ago--during the war, should one say, dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant in the Guards.... Mercaptan, rushing up to his emphasis with flutes and roaring, like a true Conquistador, to fall back, however, at the end of the sentence rather ignominiously into a breathless confusion. "And really, do you know, I rather like it. On the contrary, she was very sorry for him; and, what was more, he rather bored her.

"I should like to see the lights again. It seemed to me wonderful to get rather tipsy. "I'm sorry we should have disagreed," said Mr. There on the valley's broad green floor, There lies the lake; the jewelled cities gleam; Chalco and Tlacopan Awaiting the coming Man. Mercaptan, rushing up to his emphasis with flutes and roaring, like a true Conquistador, to fall back, however, at the end of the sentence rather ignominiously into a breathless confusion. He delivered the goods--or rather the goods, in the convenient form of cash, delivered themselves, almost miraculously it always seemed, to him. "I should think so." Gumbriel's answer was rather dim and remote.

All chance encounters, all plotted opportunities recurred; he knew, now, how to live, how to take advantage of them. But it would be nobler, more in keeping, he felt, with his new life, to leave a justification behind--or rather not a justification, a denouncement. Twenty-five steps to the first floor--one flight of thirteen, which was rather disagreeably ominous, and one of twelve. For a great lady thoroughly accustomed to this sort of thing, she felt her heart beating rather unpleasantly fast. The square in which it stood was steadily coming down in the world. On fine evenings he used to sit out on his balcony waiting for the coming of the birds. "What can I do?" He hovered rather ineptly round her. I want to be happy and contented and successful; and of course I should work better if I were. On the contrary, she was very sorry for him; and, what was more, he rather bored her. It wasn't merely a question of your coming being put off for a day; it was a question of its being put off for ever, of my never seeing you again. There was the mirage across the desiccated plains, the mirage one knew to be deceptive and which, on a second glance, proved not even to be a mirage, but merely a few livery spots behind the eyes. "What can I do?" He hovered rather ineptly round her. Emily smiled rather sadly. Enthusiastically, his light floss of grey hair floating up and falling again about his head as he pointed and

gesticulated, he told her; the great flocks assembled--goodness only knew where!--they flew across the golden sky, detaching here a little troop, there a whole legion, they flew until at last all had found their appointed resting-places and there were no more to fly. You can't watch them without coming to that conclusion." "A charming conclusion," said Mrs. THE MONSTER: Or, rather, I should be able to ignore it, having a private universe of my own. Mercaptan, coming back across the room to where Rosie was still irresolutely standing. He could not resist the temptation, but coming up behind her bent down and kissed her, rather clumsily, on the back of her neck. Slipping her hands under the sleeves of her kimono, she began, lightly, delicately, with the tips of her fingers, to caress her own arms. And there at the end of the street, at the base of a triangular space formed by the coming together of this with another master street that runs eastwards to Tower Hill, there stands the Cathedral. "And really, do you know, I rather like it. Mercaptan's grand affair in white satin and carved and gilded wood, but still a sofa--lay with her feet on the arm of it and her long suave legs exposed, by the slipping of the kimono, to the top of her stretched stockings.

And that she should like him? We've got to make those who don't wear them feel rather uncomfortable. Milton called them that; he should have known. "How are you?" he asked across the music. "Like a smile of false teeth," he shouted across the widening gulf, and disappeared in the crowd. "You should always let the gentleman get over the stile first," she said, and put on her glasses again.

The young poet was safely there, sparkling across the tea-table. And I remember wondering and wondering--oh, it went on for years--every time I saw the picture; wondering why on earth that old bishop (for I did know it was a bishop) should be handing the naked old man a five-shilling piece." She opened a door; they were in her very pink room.

He shut the door after them and turned back across the little hall. CHAPTER IV Lypiatt had a habit, which some of his friends found rather trying--and not only friends, for Lypiatt was ready to let the merest acquaintances, the most absolute strangers, even, into the secrets of his inspiration--a habit of reciting at every possible opportunity his own verses. He was declaiming now; not merely across the dinner table to his own friends, but to the whole restaurant. "It's rather absurd. It made me cry and cry, so that I thought I should never be able to stop. He passed them in review, wondering why it was that, in these hard days when no painter can sell a picture, almost any dull fool who can scratch a conventional etcher's view of two boats, a suggested cloud and the flat sea should be able to get rid of his prints by the dozen and at guineas apiece. There was the mirage across the desiccated plains, the mirage one knew to be deceptive and which, on a second glance, proved not even to be a mirage, but merely a few livery spots behind the eyes. Wasn't she perhaps the one unique being with whom he might have learned to await in quietness the final coming of that lovely terrible thing, from before the sound of whose secret footsteps more than once and oh! But then, when you seemed to make rather a joke of it--why did you say 'a little indisposed?' that seemed, somehow, so stupid, I thought--and said you were coming to-morrow, it wasn't that which upset me; it was the dreadful, dreadful disappointment. It made me cry and cry, so that I thought I should never be able to stop. Pelvey retreated from the eagle, and the organ presaged the coming \_Te Deum\_. Pelvey retreated from the eagle, and the organ presaged the coming \_Te Deum\_. It was an essential part of their education that they should listen to the word of revelation without

pneumatic easement. On the landing of the next floor he paused, felt in his pocket, took out a key and unlocked the door of what should have been the second best bedroom. CHAPTER XV They were playing that latest novelty from across the water, "What's he to Hecuba?" Sweet, sweet and piercing, the saxophone pierced into the very bowels of compassion and tenderness, pierced like a revelation from heaven, pierced like the angel's treachery dart into the holy Teresa's quivering and ecstasied flank. "How are you?" he asked across the music. It is regrettable that birth control should have begun at the wrong end of the scale. Happening to look out of the window at this moment, Gumbriel saw the name of the place painted across a lamp. Then, as soon as Rosie had stepped across the threshold, she cut off her retreat with a bang and went off, muttering all the time, towards her kitchen. Mercaptan hurried across the room and opened the door for him. The young poet was safely there, sparkling across the tea-table. And I remember wondering and wondering--oh, it went on for years--every time I saw the picture; wondering why on earth that old bishop (for I did know it was a bishop) should be handing the naked old man a five-shilling piece." She opened a door; they were in her very pink room. Rosie uttered a cry, slipped through the door and, slamming it behind her, ran across the vestibule and began fumbling with the latches of the outer door.

"It may be rather difficult," said Gumbriel, shaking his head. "Twenty-five, I should imagine," said Mrs. "I'll keep it on." "Well," said the leprechaun, leaning back in his chair and twinkling, bird-like, across the table. "I think it's rather revolting," she said, and was very busy with the bandage. "Only because it's rather unpleasing." "I'm rather glad," said Mrs. Enthusiastically, his light floss of grey hair floating up and falling again about his head as he pointed and gesticulated, he told her; the great flocks assembled--goodness only knew where!--they flew across the golden sky, detaching here a little troop, there a whole legion, they flew until at last all had found their appointed resting-places and there were no more to fly. And if Roger should by any chance.... THE MONSTER: Or, rather, I should be able to ignore it, having a private universe of my own. He was a leather merchant, fat and jolly with a rather red face, very white teeth and a bald head that was beautifully shiny. But she didn't know what things were coming to if people fairly shoved their way in like that. He was a leather merchant, fat and jolly with a rather red face, very white teeth and a bald head that was beautifully shiny. The kidneys are so beautifully organized; they do their work of regulation with such a miraculous--it's hard to find another word--such a positively divine precision, such knowledge and wisdom, that there's no reason why your archetypal man, whoever he is, or any one else, for that matter, should be ashamed of owning a pair." Coleman clapped his hands. The man of genius, he liked to say, bears upon his brow a kind of mark of Cain, by which men recognize him at once--"and having recognized, generally stone him," he would add with that peculiar laugh he always uttered whenever he said anything rather bitter or cynical; a laugh that was meant to show that the bitterness, the cynicism, justifiable as events might have made them, were really only a mask, and that beneath it the artist was still serenely and tragically smiling. If he had asked me, I should answer: why not? The kidneys are so beautifully organized; they do their work of regulation with such a miraculous--it's hard to find another word--such a positively divine precision, such knowledge and wisdom, that there's no reason why your archetypal man, whoever he is, or any one else, for that matter, should be ashamed of owning a pair." Coleman clapped his hands. Not quarrelling with me is only a rather negative satisfaction, I'm afraid." "I propose to leave the

country to-morrow morning," said Gumbriel. Viveash faintly and indomitably from the sofa that was almost genuinely a death-bed. "What puzzles me," he went on, "is why your anonymous friend should have chosen my address out of all the millions of others. If these creatures are to be taught anything, it should be something hard and definite. He was declaiming now; not merely across the dinner table to his own friends, but to the whole restaurant. There on the valley's broad green floor, There lies the lake; the jewelled cities gleam; Chalco and Tlacopan Awaiting the coming Man. CHAPTER IV Lypiatt had a habit, which some of his friends found rather trying--and not only friends, for Lypiatt was ready to let the merest acquaintances, the most absolute strangers, even, into the secrets of his inspiration--a habit of reciting at every possible opportunity his own verses. For a great lady thoroughly accustomed to this sort of thing, she felt her heart beating rather unpleasantly fast. But she didn't know what things were coming to if people fairly shoved their way in like that. "I should hardly have recognized you," exclaimed Mr.

But she didn't know what things were coming to if people fairly shoved their way in like that. He was declaiming now; not merely across the dinner table to his own friends, but to the whole restaurant. Ships meanwhile were walloping across the Atlantic freighted with more cigars. Clumsily, filling the space that two ordinary men would occupy, Shearwater came zigzagging and lurching across the room, bumped against the work-table and the sofa as he passed, and finally sat down in the indicated chair. It had a rather gross, snouty look, which was sadly out of harmony with Mr. "No, if I glory in anything, it's in my little rococo boudoir, and the conversations across the polished mahogany, and the delicate, lascivious, \_witty\_ little flirtations on ample sofas inhabited by the soul of Crebillon Fils. "I should have been bowled over." "You shall see me, then," said Gumbriel. Viveash suggested they should go. One should also never think of the past and never for one moment consider the future. It had a rather gross, snouty look, which was sadly out of harmony with Mr. "I should hardly have recognized you," exclaimed Mr.

THE YOUNG LADY: If--if he did--well, it might be rather humiliating with these I have like a servant's almost.... "Pleased?" exclaimed Lypiatt; "I should think I was." Gumbriel might have reminded him that he had been as well pleased in the past and that 'they' had by no means been bowled over.

If he had asked me, I should answer: why not? It was no wonder that Lypiatt should have walked, bent like Atlas under the weight of a world. He looked forward to a golden age when all should be seigneurs possessing rights that should have broadened down into universal liberty. Between pilasters, their windows look out on to the Exchange, and the sister statues on the balustrades beckon to one another across the intervening space. And there at the end of the street, at the base of a triangular space formed by the coming together of this with another master street that runs eastwards to Tower Hill, there stands the Cathedral.

When all was ready here, she tiptoed across to her bedroom and sitting down at her dressing-table, began with hands that trembled a little with excitement to powder her nose, and heighten the colour of her cheeks. The young poet was safely there, sparkling across the tea-table. And I remember wondering and wondering--oh, it went on for years--every time I saw the picture; wondering why on earth that old bishop (for I did know it was a bishop) should be handing the naked old man a five-shilling piece." She opened a door; they were in her very pink room. I want to be happy and contented and successful; and of course I should work better if I

were. If he had asked me, I should answer: why not? When all was ready here, she tiptoed across to her bedroom and sitting down at her dressing-table, began with hands that trembled a little with excitement to powder her nose, and heighten the colour of her cheeks. I'm in luck to have got the job, of course, but really, that a civilized man should have to do jobs like that! And he had fancied that he really looked rather elegant and distinguished (but, after all, he always looked that, even in rags)--no, that he looked positively neat, like Mr. The breezes stirred in his grey hair, tossing it up in long, light wisps that fell across his forehead and over his spectacles; and then he would shake his head impatiently, and the bony hand would be freed for a moment from its unceasing combing and clutching of the sparse grey beard to push back the strayed tendrils, to smooth and reduce to order the whole ruffled head. Porteous was an expert on Late Latin poetry; and he did not mean that you should guess.

Emily smiled rather sadly. She came silently across the room, and sat down on the edge of the low couch. "I think it's rather revolting," she said, and was very busy with the bandage. "Only because it's rather unpleasant." "Good-bye," Coleman called back; and immediately afterwards jumped to his feet and made a dash across the room towards her. Rosie uttered a cry, slipped through the door and, slamming it behind her, ran across the vestibule and began fumbling with the latches of the outer door. He must know me, or, at any rate, know about me." "I should imagine," said Rosie, "that you have a lot of friends." Mr. Mercaptan's grand affair in white satin and carved and gilded wood, but still a sofa--lay with her feet on the arm of it and her long suave legs exposed, by the slipping of the kimono, to the top of her stretched stockings.

Standing on the platform, Gumbriel made a complicated pantomime, signifying his regret by shrugging his shoulders and placing his hand on his heart; urging in excuse for his abrupt departure the necessity under which he laboured of alighting at this particular station--which he did by pointing at the name on the boards and lamps, then at himself, then at the village across the fields. And if Roger should by any chance.... THE MONSTER: Or, rather, I should be able to ignore it, having a private universe of my own. The young poet was safely there, sparkling across the tea-table. She came silently across the room, and sat down on the edge of the low couch. "Then you should try," said Gumbriel, whose hands had begun to creep softly forward into the Twelfth Sonata. "I should have been bowled over." "You shall see me, then," said Gumbriel. You can't watch them without coming to that conclusion." "A charming conclusion," said Mrs. In certain individuals, however, the faculty is naturally so well-developed--like the musical, or the mathematical, or the chess-playing faculties in other people--that they cannot help entering into direct communication with other minds, whether they want to or not. THE MONSTER: Or, rather, I should be able to ignore it, having a private universe of my own. THE YOUNG LADY: If--if he did--well, it might be rather humiliating with these I have like a servant's almost.... He must know me, or, at any rate, know about me." "I should imagine," said Rosie, "that you have a lot of friends." Mr. "Those leopards are rather nice," she said, and looked at the catalogue again. THE MONSTER: Or, rather, I should be able to ignore it, having a private universe of my own. THE YOUNG LADY: If--if he did--well, it might be rather humiliating with these I have like a servant's almost.... With her left hand she held back the flowing pink sleeve of her kimono so that it should not trail in the plates or the tureen. He could not resist the temptation, but coming up behind her bent down and kissed her, rather clumsily, on the back of her neck. "The rabbit," continued the young man, and with his bright eyes and staring, sniffing nose, he looked like a

poacher's terrier ready to go barking after the first white tail that passed his way; "the rabbit naturally develops the appropriate resistance, develops a specific anti-eye to protect itself. "What puzzles me," he went on, "is why your anonymous friend should have chosen my address out of all the millions of others. He wrote several encyclicals and a syllabus." Gumbriel admired the phrase about less than average intelligence; Falarope Major should have at least one mark for having learnt it so well by heart. We've got to make those who don't wear them feel rather uncomfortable. "Twenty-five, I should imagine," said Mrs. "In this painting," he said, "I symbolize the Artist's conquering spirit--rushing on the universe, making it its own." He began to declaim: "Look down, Conquistador, There on the valley's broad green floor, There lies the lake, the jewelled cities gleam, Chalco and Tlacopan Awaiting the coming Man; Look down on Mexico, Conquistador, Land of your golden dream. And I remember wondering and wondering--oh, it went on for years--every time I saw the picture; wondering why on earth that old bishop (for I did know it was a bishop) should be handing the naked old man a five-shilling piece." She opened a door; they were in her very pink room.

"And really, do you know, I rather like it. He shut the door after them and turned back across the little hall. THE MONSTER: Or, rather, I should be able to ignore it, having a private universe of my own. THE YOUNG LADY: If--if he did--well, it might be rather humiliating with these I have like a servant's almost....

Or at least it did exist, but as something deplorably different from what we love to picture it." And he went on, eruditely, to refer to that Council of Carthage which, in , demanded of the faithful that they should be continent on their wedding-night. Mercaptan's grand affair in white satin and carved and gilded wood, but still a sofa--lay with her feet on the arm of it and her long suave legs exposed, by the slipping of the kimono, to the top of her stretched stockings. Wasn't she perhaps the one unique being with whom he might have learned to await in quietness the final coming of that lovely terrible thing, from before the sound of whose secret footsteps more than once and oh! It is regrettable that birth control should have begun at the wrong end of the scale. Viveash was irritated by a suspicion, which was probably, after all, quite unjustified, that Casimir had been rather consciously absorbed in his work; that he had heard her first knock and plunged the more profoundly into those depths of absorption where the true artist always dwells, or at any rate ought to dwell; to rise at her third appeal with a slow, pained reluctance, cursing, perhaps, at the importunity of a world which thus noisily interrupted the flow of his inspiration. I want to be happy and contented and successful; and of course I should work better if I were. The kidneys are so beautifully organized; they do their work of regulation with such a miraculous--it's hard to find another word--such a positively divine precision, such knowledge and wisdom, that there's no reason why your archetypal man, whoever he is, or any one else, for that matter, should be ashamed of owning a pair." Coleman clapped his hands. Lypiatt laughed, rather uncomfortably, and no longer on the Titanic scale. The stranger gave him no opportunity, and indeed, Gumbriel reflected, how should she? We've got to make those who don't wear them feel rather uncomfortable. Think if he should wear the all-shell sports model with full dress! Mercaptan hurried across the room and opened the door for him.

They gave me quite a good price at the Museum." He came out of his corner and hurried across the room to help Mrs. Over the plushy floors of some vast and ignoble Ritz slowly he walked, at ease, with confidence: over the plushy floors and there, at the end of a long vista, there was

Myra Viveash, waiting, this time, for him; coming forward impatiently to meet him, his abject lover now, not the cool, free, laughing mistress who had lent herself contemptuously once to his pathetic and silent importunity and then, after a day, withdrawn the gift again.

He ran down the stairs and across the tiled hall, he pushed his way firmly but politely between the talkers. With her left hand she held back the flowing pink sleeve of her kimono so that it should not trail in the plates or the tureen. "You see the idea," he said, anxious lest they should fail to understand. And that if it does exist, it's unlikely that patent medicine makers should have found out facts unknown to the professors at the universities. Or rather he had not confessed; that was too difficult. In or --oh, these dates!--he had made a pact with his little cousin, Molly, that she should let him see her with no clothes on, if he would do the same by her. "You should take a cottage in the country," said Gumbriel, "buy a pony and a governess cart and drive along the twiddly lanes looking for flowers. "And with whom do you propose that I should share my cottage?" "Any one you like," said Gumbriel. Between pilasters, their windows look out on to the Exchange, and the sister statues on the balustrades beckon to one another across the intervening space. "I should like to see the lights again. How gleefully I should lead you all into it!" "I think you would do well," said Shearwater gravely, "to go and see a doctor." Coleman gave vent to a howl of delight. That Hampton Court business had been bad enough; but when it came to eating in the street, in the middle of a lot of filthy workmen--well, really, that was rather too much. "I should hardly have recognized you," exclaimed Mr. "You see the idea," he said, anxious lest they should fail to understand.

Viveash faintly and indomitably from the sofa that was almost genuinely a death-bed. It seemed to me wonderful to get rather tipsy. One should also never think of the past and never for one moment consider the future. But perhaps after a little tea----" He leaned forward to look at the figures on the taximeter, for the cab had come to a standstill--"after a nip of the tannin stimulant"--he threw open the door--"we may feel rather better." Mrs.

He sits up--or rather stands, reels, trots up--dancing and drinking. If these creatures are to be taught anything, it should be something hard and definite. "Good-bye," Coleman called back; and immediately afterwards jumped to his feet and made a dash across the room towards her. Rosie uttered a cry, slipped through the door and, slamming it behind her, ran across the vestibule and began fumbling with the latches of the outer door. "What's appalling?" he asked rather irritably. Well, she read a lot of books; but most of the novels she got from Boots' seemed to her rather silly. "It's appalling that human beings should have to live like that. It stopped rather suddenly, however, at the corner of the Edgware Road.

When all was ready here, she tiptoed across to her bedroom and sitting down at her dressing-table, began with hands that trembled a little with excitement to powder her nose, and heighten the colour of her cheeks. We must make the bank clerk and the civil servant feel proud of being what they are and at the same time feel ashamed that, being such splendid people, they should have to submit to the indignity of having blistered hind-quarters. And that if it does exist, it's unlikely that patent medicine makers should have found out facts unknown to the professors at the universities. (\_He goes out.\_) THE PROSTITUTE: Nice state of things we're coming to, when young rips try and swindle us poor girls out of our money! He was walking up the Venetian Room, feeling as full of swaggering vitality as the largest composition of Veronese, when he heard, gigglingly whispered just behind him his Open Sesame to new adventure,

"Beaver." He spun round on his tracks and found himself face to face with two rather startled young women. "You see the idea," he said, anxious lest they should fail to understand. He wrote several encyclicals and a syllabus." Gumbriel admired the phrase about less than average intelligence; Falarope Major should have at least one mark for having learnt it so well by heart. "This conversation is rather beyond me," he said gravely. Emily smiled rather sadly. She came silently across the room, and sat down on the edge of the low couch. "I'm rather glad," said Mrs. He shut the door after them and turned back across the little hall. It was one of Casimir's abstract paintings: a procession of machine-like forms rushing up diagonally from right to left across the canvas, with as it were a spray of energy blowing back from the crest of the wave towards the top right-hand corner. Happening to look out of the window at this moment, Gumbriel saw the name of the place painted across a lamp. Standing on the platform, Gumbriel made a complicated pantomime, signifying his regret by shrugging his shoulders and placing his hand on his heart; urging in excuse for his abrupt departure the necessity under which he laboured of alighting at this particular station--which he did by pointing at the name on the boards and lamps, then at himself, then at the village across the fields. That would be some slight compensation for my"--he tapped his foot with the end of his walking-stick--"my accident." "You're depressed too?" "One should never drink at luncheon," said Gumbriel. One should also never think of the past and never for one moment consider the future. "Only because it's rather unpleasant. "Why should I?" "It would be natural curiosity." "But I know all I want to know," he said. It made me cry and cry, so that I thought I should never be able to stop.

It had a rather gross, snouty look, which was sadly out of harmony with Mr. The young poet was safely there, sparkling across the tea-table. And I remember wondering and wondering--oh, it went on for years--every time I saw the picture; wondering why on earth that old bishop (for I did know it was a bishop) should be handing the naked old man a five-shilling piece." She opened a door; they were in her very pink room. We must make the bank clerk and the civil servant feel proud of being what they are and at the same time feel ashamed that, being such splendid people, they should have to submit to the indignity of having blistered hind-quarters. And that if it does exist, it's unlikely that patent medicine makers should have found out facts unknown to the professors at the universities.

A hundred pounds down and five pounds a week when the business should be started. "I have it rather on my conscience," said Shearwater. (\_He goes out.\_) THE PROSTITUTE: Nice state of things we're coming to, when young rips try and swindle us poor girls out of our money! We've got to make those who don't wear them feel rather uncomfortable. He was dressed in a velveteen jacket and linen trousers that should have been white, but needed washing. The river is embanked from Blackfriars to the Tower, and at every twenty paces a grave stone angel looks out from the piers of the balustrade across the water.... "It may be rather difficult," said Gumbriel, shaking his head. "No," he said, "I don't think I do." "Why don't you?" "Why should I? "I should think so." Gumbriel's answer was rather dim and remote. Or rather he had not confessed; that was too difficult. In or --oh, these dates!--he had made a pact with his little cousin, Molly, that she should let him see her with no clothes on, if he would do the same by her. On the contrary, she was very sorry for him; and, what was more, he rather bored her.

"The German professors have catalogued thousands of people whose whole pleasure consists in eating dung." The young man smiled and nodded, rather vaguely. And that if it does exist, it's



unlikely that patent medicine makers should have found out facts unknown to the professors at the universities. "How I should like to have a child," he went on without waiting for an answer. A hundred pounds down and five pounds a week when the business should be started. "I should hardly have recognized you," exclaimed Mr.

"One reality," he cried, "there is only one reality." "One reality," Coleman reached out a hand across the table and caressed Zoe's bare white arm, "and that is callipygous." Zoe jabbed at his hand with her fork. And that she should like him? It was no wonder that Lypiatt should have walked, bent like Atlas under the weight of a world. "Only because it's rather unpleasent." "Why should I?" "It would be natural curiosity." "But I know all I want to know," he said. The Artist walked across the world and the mangy dogs ran yelping and snapping behind him. Since the coming of El Greco into fashion, he had discovered dozens of early works by that great artist. In the end, however, she followed him across a little vestibule into a bright, whitewashed room empty of all furniture but a table, a few chairs and a large box-spring and mattress, which stood like an island in the middle of the floor and served as bed or sofa as occasion required. She was dressed, rather depressingly, like a picture by Augustus John, in blue and orange. "One reality," he cried, "there is only one reality." "One reality," Coleman reached out a hand across the table and caressed Zoe's bare white arm, "and that is callipygous." Zoe jabbed at his hand with her fork. And he had fancied that he really looked rather elegant and distinguished (but, after all, he always looked that, even in rags)--no, that he looked positively neat, like Mr. Bojanus smiled up at him tolerantly and kindly, as he might have smiled at some one who had suggested, shall we say, that evening trousers should be turned up at the bottom. He was dressed in a velveteen jacket and linen trousers that should have been white, but needed washing. Viveash was irritated by a suspicion, which was probably, after all, quite unjustified, that Casimir had been rather consciously absorbed in his work; that he had heard her first knock and plunged the more profoundly into those depths of absorption where the true artist always dwells, or at any rate ought to dwell; to rise at her third appeal with a slow, pained reluctance, cursing, perhaps, at the importunity of a world which thus noisily interrupted the flow of his inspiration. The stranger gave him no opportunity, and indeed, Gumbriel reflected, how should she? "N--n--nothing"--it sounded rather final. And that she should like him? It was no wonder that Lypiatt should have walked, bent like Atlas under the weight of a world. This was going to be the real thing--one of those long, those interminable, or, at any rate, indefinitely renewable conversations about love; witty, subtle, penetrating and bold, like the conversations in books, like the conversations across the tea-table between brilliant young poets and ladies of quality, grown fastidious through an excessive experience, fastidious and a little weary, but still, in their subtle way, insatiably curious.

I want to be happy and contented and successful; and of course I should work better if I were. On the contrary, she was very sorry for him; and, what was more, he rather bored her. Viveash, coming up from the other end of the counter where she had been buying stamps. But perhaps after a little tea----" He leaned forward to look at the figures on the taximeter, for the cab had come to a standstill--"after a nip of the tannin stimulant"--he threw open the door--"we may feel rather better." Mrs. Emily smiled rather sadly. She came silently across the room, and sat down on the edge of the low couch. "It's rather stupid." "You're perfectly right," said Gumbriel. "One reality," he cried, "there is only one reality." "One reality," Coleman reached out a hand across

the table and caressed Zoe's bare white arm, "and that is callipygous." Zoe jabbed at his hand with her fork. Wasn't she perhaps the one unique being with whom he might have learned to await in quietness the final coming of that lovely terrible thing, from before the sound of whose secret footsteps more than once and oh! It is regrettable that birth control should have begun at the wrong end of the scale. His beard tickled her neck; shivering a little, she brought down the magnolia petals across her eyes. The Complete Man lifted her up, walked across the room carrying the fastidious lady in his arms and deposited her on the rosy catafalque of the bed. We must make the bank clerk and the civil servant feel proud of being what they are and at the same time feel ashamed that, being such splendid people, they should have to submit to the indignity of having blistered hind-quarters. "And really, do you know, I rather like it. Viveash, coming up from the other end of the counter where she had been buying stamps. Think if he should wear the all-shell sports model with full dress! And since there are few who would not rather be taken in adultery than in provincialism, they rush out to buy four new pairs of spectacles. "Why should I?" "It would be natural curiosity." "But I know all I want to know," he said. Gladstone should know." "Good-bye," said Rosie from the door. "You should try." "But I do try," said Mrs. CHAPTER XV They were playing that latest novelty from across the water, "What's he to Hecuba?" Sweet, sweet and piercing, the saxophone pierced into the very bowels of compassion and tenderness, pierced like a revelation from heaven, pierced like the angel's treachery dart into the holy Teresa's quivering and ecstasied flank. And I should have been your slave, I should have been your property and lived inside your life. But then, when you seemed to make rather a joke of it--why did you say 'a little indisposed?' that seemed, somehow, so stupid, I thought--and said you were coming to-morrow, it wasn't that which upset me; it was the dreadful, dreadful disappointment. It is regrettable that birth control should have begun at the wrong end of the scale. Viveash, commanding peremptorily from her death-bed. I should never touch a drop of wine or another harlot again. Emily smiled rather sadly. She came silently across the room, and sat down on the edge of the low couch. Or rather he had not confessed; that was too difficult. In or --oh, these dates!--he had made a pact with his little cousin, Molly, that she should let him see her with no clothes on, if he would do the same by her. Standing on the platform, Gumbriel made a complicated pantomime, signifying his regret by shrugging his shoulders and placing his hand on his heart; urging in excuse for his abrupt departure the necessity under which he laboured of alighting at this particular station--which he did by pointing at the name on the boards and lamps, then at himself, then at the village across the fields. If they had been offered point-blank across the luncheon table, he would probably have accepted them without a murmur. Her hands clasped round her knees, she sat quite still, looking out across the green expanses, at the trees, at the white clouds on the horizon. You can't watch them without coming to that conclusion." "A charming conclusion," said Mrs. "It's rather stupid." "You're perfectly right," said Gumbriel. Well, she read a lot of books; but most of the novels she got from Boots' seemed to her rather silly. He was walking up the Venetian Room, feeling as full of swaggering vitality as the largest composition of Veronese, when he heard, gigglingly whispered just behind him his Open Sesame to new adventure, "Beaver." He spun round on his tracks and found himself face to face with two rather startled young women. On fine evenings he used to sit out on his balcony waiting for the coming of the birds. And just at sunset, when the sky was most golden, there would be a twittering overhead, and the black, innumerable

flocks of starlings would come sweeping across on the way from their daily haunts to their roosting-places, chosen so capriciously among the tree-planted squares and gardens of the city and so tenaciously retained, year after year, to the exclusion of every other place. "One can never tell." "I should have thought one could," said Mrs. "I'm rather glad," said Mrs. She had made up her mind exactly what she should say to him; she had even made up her mind what Toto would say to her. I meant that you should be. I wanted to give you everything I could, and then we should always be together, loving one another. "You should try." "But I do try," said Mrs.

CHAPTER XV They were playing that latest novelty from across the water, "What's he to Hecuba?" Sweet, sweet and piercing, the saxophone pierced into the very bowels of compassion and tenderness, pierced like a revelation from heaven, pierced like the angel's treachery dart into the holy Teresa's quivering and ecstasied flank. When all was ready here, she tiptoed across to her bedroom and sitting down at her dressing-table, began with hands that trembled a little with excitement to powder her nose, and heighten the colour of her cheeks.

CHAPTER IV Lypiatt had a habit, which some of his friends found rather trying--and not only friends, for Lypiatt was ready to let the merest acquaintances, the most absolute strangers, even, into the secrets of his inspiration--a habit of reciting at every possible opportunity his own verses. It made me cry and cry, so that I thought I should never be able to stop. It wasn't merely a question of your coming being put off for a day; it was a question of its being put off for ever, of my never seeing you again. Mercaptan had made him look rather tarnished. And I should have been your slave, I should have been your property and lived inside your life. But then, when you seemed to make rather a joke of it--why did you say 'a little indisposed?' that seemed, somehow, so stupid, I thought--and said you were coming to-morrow, it wasn't that which upset me; it was the dreadful, dreadful disappointment. "How are you?" he asked across the music.

"Like a smile of false teeth," he shouted across the widening gulf, and disappeared in the crowd.

"I think it's rather revolting," she said, and was very busy with the bandage. "Only because it's rather unpleasant. He delivered the goods--or rather the goods, in the convenient form of cash, delivered themselves, almost miraculously it always seemed, to him. We must make the bank clerk and the civil servant feel proud of being what they are and at the same time feel ashamed that, being such splendid people, they should have to submit to the indignity of having blistered hind-quarters. He opened the door of what should have been, in a well-ordered house, the Best Bedroom, and slipped into the darkness. "Look at this one, for example." He picked his way nimbly across the room, seized the little electric reading-lamp that stood between a railway station and a baptistery on the mantelpiece, and was back again in an instant, trailing behind him a long flex that, as it tautened out, twitched one of the crowning pinnacles off the top of a sky-scraper near the fireplace. "I should think so." Gumbriel's answer was rather dim and remote. "I take things as they come." And as he spoke the words, suddenly he became rather disgusted with himself. And she would make him rather jealous by telling him how much she had liked Mr. In the rather gloomy little turning off Lupus Street to which she had been directed, Rosie found the number, found, in the row of bells and cards, the name. And he had fancied that he really looked rather elegant and distinguished (but, after all, he always looked that, even in rags)--no, that he looked positively neat, like Mr. I should have met you at the station with the horse and trap from the Chequers, and we'd have driven back to the cottage--and you'd have loved the cottage. I meant that you should be. In or --oh, these dates!--he had made a pact with his little

cousin, Molly, that she should let him see her with no clothes on, if he would do the same by her. "Am I a brute too?" And behind his beard, suddenly, he felt rather a brute. "It's rather stupid." "You're perfectly right," said Gumbriel. The clothes-lines looped from window to window across the street might have been those ropes which form so essential and so mysterious a part of the furniture of the Prisons. Wrapped in a pink kimono, she came out into the hall to wish him farewell. "How should I know?" she asked, implying that she could not foresee what her caprice might be an hour hence. "And really, do you know, I rather like it. If she had liked him, she would have run her fingers through his hair; but somehow his hair rather disgusted her. The Artist walked across the world and the mangy dogs ran yelping and snapping behind him. His face ought to have been rather more exquisite, rather more refinedly *\_dix-huitieme\_* than it actually was. The square in which it stood was steadily coming down in the world. "How should I know?" she asked, implying that she could not foresee what her caprice might be an hour hence. She came silently across the room, and sat down on the edge of the low couch. "Theodore!" she hallooed faintly but penetratingly, from her inward death-bed. "You should always let the gentleman get over the stile first," she said, and put on her glasses again. If he had asked me, I should answer: why not? The kidneys are so beautifully organized; they do their work of regulation with such a miraculous--it's hard to find another word--such a positively divine precision, such knowledge and wisdom, that there's no reason why your archetypal man, whoever he is, or any one else, for that matter, should be ashamed of owning a pair." Coleman clapped his hands. Happening to look out of the window at this moment, Gumbriel saw the name of the place painted across a lamp. Standing on the platform, Gumbriel made a complicated pantomime, signifying his regret by shrugging his shoulders and placing his hand on his heart; urging in excuse for his abrupt departure the necessity under which he laboured of alighting at this particular station--which he did by pointing at the name on the boards and lamps, then at himself, then at the village across the fields. It is regrettable that birth control should have begun at the wrong end of the scale.

He shut the door after them and turned back across the little hall. With her left hand she held back the flowing pink sleeve of her kimono so that it should not trail in the plates or the tureen. It had a rather gross, snouty look, which was sadly out of harmony with Mr. "One reality," he cried, "there is only one reality." "One reality," Coleman reached out a hand across the table and caressed Zoe's bare white arm, "and that is callipygous." Zoe jabbed at his hand with her fork. "How I should like to have a child," he went on without waiting for an answer. You can't watch them without coming to that conclusion." "A charming conclusion," said Mrs. In certain individuals, however, the faculty is naturally so well-developed--like the musical, or the mathematical, or the chess-playing faculties in other people--that they cannot help entering into direct communication with other minds, whether they want to or not. It is regrettable that birth control should have begun at the wrong end of the scale. Happening to look out of the window at this moment, Gumbriel saw the name of the place painted across a lamp. Bojanus smiled up at him tolerantly and kindly, as he might have smiled at some one who had suggested, shall we say, that evening trousers should be turned up at the bottom. Lypiatt laughed, rather uncomfortably, and no longer on the Titanic scale. "How I recognize my Coleman!" he echoed, rather feebly. On the contrary, she was very sorry for him; and, what was more, he rather bored her. On fine evenings he used to sit out on his balcony waiting for the coming of the birds. And

just at sunset, when the sky was most golden, there would be a twittering overhead, and the black, innumerable flocks of starlings would come sweeping across on the way from their daily haunts to their roosting-places, chosen so capriciously among the tree-planted squares and gardens of the city and so tenaciously retained, year after year, to the exclusion of every other place. She came silently across the room, and sat down on the edge of the low couch. When all was ready here, she tiptoed across to her bedroom and sitting down at her dressing-table, began with hands that trembled a little with excitement to powder her nose, and heighten the colour of her cheeks. "What can I do?" He hovered rather ineptly round her. It seemed rather dull and second-rate after Sloane Street and Mr. He ran down the stairs and across the tiled hall, he pushed his way firmly but politely between the talkers. "You should have drunk it before," she said. "One should be happily in love to enjoy a summer night under the trees." He wondered where Emily could be now. In or --oh, these dates!--he had made a pact with his little cousin, Molly, that she should let him see her with no clothes on, if he would do the same by her. Between pilasters, their windows look out on to the Exchange, and the sister statues on the balustrades beckon to one another across the intervening space. Mercaptan, rushing up to his emphasis with flutes and roaring, like a true Conquistador, to fall back, however, at the end of the sentence rather ignominiously into a breathless confusion. He was a sleek, comfortable young man with smooth brown hair parted in the centre and conducted in a pair of flowing curves across the temples, to be looped in damp curls behind his ears. The breezes stirred in his grey hair, tossing it up in long, light wisps that fell across his forehead and over his spectacles; and then he would shake his head impatiently, and the bony hand would be freed for a moment from its unceasing combing and clutching of the sparse grey beard to push back the strayed tendrils, to smooth and reduce to order the whole ruffled head. Think if he should wear the all-shell sports model with full dress! And since there are few who would not rather be taken in adultery than in provincialism, they rush out to buy four new pairs of spectacles. If he had met her years ago--during the war, should one say, dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant in the Guards.... What should he do about it? "Perhaps it's because I'm rather incurious," said Shearwater. "How should I know? Gladstone should know." "Good-bye," said Rosie from the door. It was really rather difficult to explain. "I'm sorry you should have been unhappy about it," she said.

He was walking up the Venetian Room, feeling as full of swaggering vitality as the largest composition of Veronese, when he heard, gigglingly whispered just behind him his Open Sesame to new adventure, "Beaver." He spun round on his tracks and found himself face to face with two rather startled young women. "I'm sorry you should have been unhappy about it," she said.

Twenty-five steps to the first floor--one flight of thirteen, which was rather disagreeably ominous, and one of twelve. Mercaptan's rather technical sense of the term, as free of all prejudices as the great exponent of civilization himself. He wrote several encyclicals and a syllabus." Gumbriel admired the phrase about less than average intelligence; Falarope Major should have at least one mark for having learnt it so well by heart. Over the plushy floors of some vast and ignoble Ritz slowly he walked, at ease, with confidence: over the plushy floors and there, at the end of a long vista, there was Myra Viveash, waiting, this time, for him; coming forward impatiently to meet him, his abject lover now, not the cool, free, laughing mistress who had lent herself

contemptuously once to his pathetic and silent importunity and then, after a day, withdrawn the gift again. Pelvey's method of reciting them made them sound rather different. Or rather he had not confessed; that was too difficult. Mercaptan hurried across the room and opened the door for him. Mercaptan, coming back across the room to where Rosie was still irresolutely standing. And if Roger should by any chance.... THE MONSTER: Or, rather, I should be able to ignore it, having a private universe of my own. If she had liked him, she would have run her fingers through his hair; but somehow his hair rather disgusted her. The Artist walked across the world and the mangy dogs ran yelping and snapping behind him. "How I recognize my Coleman!" he echoed, rather feebly. There on the valley's broad green floor, There lies the lake; the jewelled cities gleam; Chalco and Tlacopan Awaiting the coming Man. Wasn't she perhaps the one unique being with whom he might have learned to await in quietness the final coming of that lovely terrible thing, from before the sound of whose secret footsteps more than once and oh! It is regrettable that birth control should have begun at the wrong end of the scale. "You should always let the gentleman get over the stile first," she said, and put on her glasses again. Viveash, commanding peremptorily from her death-bed.

He shut the door after them and turned back across the little hall. "One should be happily in love to enjoy a summer night under the trees." He wondered where Emily could be now. I should have met you at the station with the horse and trap from the Chequers, and we'd have driven back to the cottage--and you'd have loved the cottage. "No," he said, "I don't think I do." "Why don't you?" "Why should I? She had told him what he was, and what he should try to be, and how to be it. Pelvey retreated from the eagle, and the organ presaged the coming \_Te Deum\_. "N--n--nothing"--it sounded rather final. He, too, she noticed, was wearing a great-coat; which seemed rather odd. Lypiatt laughed, rather uncomfortably, and no longer on the Titanic scale. "How I recognize my Coleman!" he echoed, rather feebly. Gumbriel mentioned your name and suggested I should come and see you to find out if you would perhaps be agreeable to lending us your talent for this work. It seemed rather dull and second-rate after Sloane Street and Mr. "No, if I glory in anything, it's in my little rococo boudoir, and the conversations across the polished mahogany, and the delicate, lascivious, \_witty\_ little flirtations on ample sofas inhabited by the soul of Crebillon Fils. Lypiatt laughed, rather uncomfortably, and no longer on the Titanic scale. Over the plushy floors of some vast and ignoble Ritz slowly he walked, at ease, with confidence: over the plushy floors and there, at the end of a long vista, there was Myra Viveash, waiting, this time, for him; coming forward impatiently to meet him, his abject lover now, not the cool, free, laughing mistress who had lent herself contemptuously once to his pathetic and silent importunity and then, after a day, withdrawn the gift again.

On the contrary, she was very sorry for him; and, what was more, he rather bored her. It seemed to me wonderful to get rather tipsy. "One can never tell." "I should have thought one could," said Mrs. Happening to look out of the window at this moment, Gumbriel saw the name of the place painted across a lamp. Standing on the platform, Gumbriel made a complicated pantomime, signifying his regret by shrugging his shoulders and placing his hand on his heart; urging in excuse for his abrupt departure the necessity under which he laboured of alighting at this particular station--which he did by pointing at the name on the boards and lamps, then at himself, then at the village across the fields.

It had a rather gross, snouty look, which was sadly out of harmony with Mr. On the landing of

the next floor he paused, felt in his pocket, took out a key and unlocked the door of what should have been the second best bedroom. Clumsily, filling the space that two ordinary men would occupy, Shearwater came zigzagging and lurching across the room, bumped against the work-table and the sofa as he passed, and finally sat down in the indicated chair. Clumsily, filling the space that two ordinary men would occupy, Shearwater came zigzagging and lurching across the room, bumped against the work-table and the sofa as he passed, and finally sat down in the indicated chair. "Perhaps it's because I'm rather incurious," said Shearwater. "What can I do?" He hovered rather ineptly round her. The young poet was safely there, sparkling across the tea-table. His beard tickled her neck; shivering a little, she brought down the magnolia petals across her eyes. Mercaptan's grand affair in white satin and carved and gilded wood, but still a sofa--lay with her feet on the arm of it and her long suave legs exposed, by the slipping of the kimono, to the top of her stretched stockings.

In the end, however, she followed him across a little vestibule into a bright, whitewashed room empty of all furniture but a table, a few chairs and a large box-spring and mattress, which stood like an island in the middle of the floor and served as bed or sofa as occasion required. "I think it's rather revolting," she said, and was very busy with the bandage. I meant that you should be. I wanted to give you everything I could, and then we should always be together, loving one another. His beard tickled her neck; shivering a little, she brought down the magnolia petals across her eyes. "No, if I glory in anything, it's in my little rococo boudoir, and the conversations across the polished mahogany, and the delicate, lascivious, \_witty\_ little flirtations on ample sofas inhabited by the soul of Crebillon Fils. Lypiatt laughed, rather uncomfortably, and no longer on the Titanic scale. "One should be happily in love to enjoy a summer night under the trees." He wondered where Emily could be now. THE MONSTER: Or, rather, I should be able to ignore it, having a private universe of my own. Porteous was an expert on Late Latin poetry; and he did not mean that you should guess. It is regrettable that birth control should have begun at the wrong end of the scale. Happening to look out of the window at this moment, Gumbriel saw the name of the place painted across a lamp. Mercaptan hurried across the room and opened the door for him. Mercaptan, coming back across the room to where Rosie was still irresolutely standing. You can't watch them without coming to that conclusion." "A charming conclusion," said Mrs. In certain individuals, however, the faculty is naturally so well-developed--like the musical, or the mathematical, or the chess-playing faculties in other people--that they cannot help entering into direct communication with other minds, whether they want to or not. Emily smiled rather sadly. She came silently across the room, and sat down on the edge of the low couch. (\_He goes out.\_) THE PROSTITUTE: Nice state of things we're coming to, when young rips try and swindle us poor girls out of our money! Milton called them that; he should have known. Pelvey retreated from the eagle, and the organ presaged the coming \_Te Deum\_. Mercaptan, coming back across the room to where Rosie was still irresolutely standing. It was really rather difficult to explain. Gumbriel mentioned your name and suggested I should come and see you to find out if you would perhaps be agreeable to lending us your talent for this work. "I should have thought that it was to the politician's interest to look respectable and normal." "But it is still more to his interest as a leader of men to look distinguished," Mr. Viveash had been reduced, by the violence of her headache, to coming home after her luncheon with Piers Cotton for a rest. Not quarrelling with me is only a rather negative satisfaction, I'm afraid." "I propose to

leave the country to-morrow morning," said Gumbriel. On the landing of the next floor he paused, felt in his pocket, took out a key and unlocked the door of what should have been the second best bedroom. It was one of Casimir's abstract paintings: a procession of machine-like forms rushing up diagonally from right to left across the canvas, with as it were a spray of energy blowing back from the crest of the wave towards the top right-hand corner. "In this painting," he said, "I symbolize the Artist's conquering spirit--rushing on the universe, making it its own." He began to declaim: "Look down, Conquistador, There on the valley's broad green floor, There lies the lake, the jewelled cities gleam, Chalco and Tlacopan Awaiting the coming Man; Look down on Mexico, Conquistador, Land of your golden dream. The Artist walked across the world and the mangy dogs ran yelping and snapping behind him. Viveash suggested they should go. "I'll keep it on." "Well," said the leprechaun, leaning back in his chair and twinkling, bird-like, across the table. "You should have drunk it before," she said. I'm in luck to have got the job, of course, but really, that a civilized man should have to do jobs like that! Between pilasters, their windows look out on to the Exchange, and the sister statues on the balustrades beckon to one another across the intervening space.

"I'll keep it on." "Well," said the leprechaun, leaning back in his chair and twinkling, bird-like, across the table. Lypiatt laughed, rather uncomfortably, and no longer on the Titanic scale. "How I recognize my Coleman!" he echoed, rather feebly. All chance encounters, all plotted opportunities recurred; he knew, now, how to live, how to take advantage of them.

Viveash, "how this young man bores me!" "I confess," replied Gumbriel, "I have rather a taste for moralities.

And there at the end of the street, at the base of a triangular space formed by the coming together of this with another master street that runs eastwards to Tower Hill, there stands the Cathedral. The river is embanked from Blackfriars to the Tower, and at every twenty paces a grave stone angel looks out from the piers of the balustrade across the water.... CHAPTER XV They were playing that latest novelty from across the water, "What's he to Hecuba?" Sweet, sweet and piercing, the saxophone pierced into the very bowels of compassion and tenderness, pierced like a revelation from heaven, pierced like the angel's treacly dart into the holy Teresa's quivering and ecstasiated flank. "How are you?" he asked across the music. "It's appalling that human beings should have to live like that. CHAPTER IV Lypiatt had a habit, which some of his friends found rather trying--and not only friends, for Lypiatt was ready to let the merest acquaintances, the most absolute strangers, even, into the secrets of his inspiration--a habit of reciting at every possible opportunity his own verses. He was declaiming now; not merely across the dinner table to his own friends, but to the whole restaurant. Rosie uttered a cry, slipped through the door and, slamming it behind her, ran across the vestibule and began fumbling with the latches of the outer door.

That would be some slight compensation for my"--he tapped his foot with the end of his walking-stick--"my accident." "You're depressed too?" "One should never drink at luncheon," said Gumbriel.

"How should I know? Confession at long range--if anything, it would be rather agreeable. "The rabbit," continued the young man, and with his bright eyes and staring, sniffing nose, he looked like a poacher's terrier ready to go barking after the first white tail that passed his way; "the rabbit naturally develops the appropriate resistance, develops a specific anti-eye to protect



itself. He ran down the stairs and across the tiled hall, he pushed his way firmly but politely between the talkers. "Oh, that!" said Gumbriel rather irritably. He delivered the goods--or rather the goods, in the convenient form of cash, delivered themselves, almost miraculously it always seemed, to him. Clumsily, filling the space that two ordinary men would occupy, Shearwater came zigzagging and lurching across the room, bumped against the work-table and the sofa as he passed, and finally sat down in the indicated chair. "Perhaps it's because I'm rather incurious," said Shearwater.

But it's still the same movement." The shadows stretched farther and farther across the lawns, and as the sun declined the level light picked out among the grasses innumerable stipplings of shadow; and in the paths, that had seemed under the more perpendicular rays as level as a table, a thousand little shadowy depressions and sun-touched mountains were now apparent. And just at sunset, when the sky was most golden, there would be a twittering overhead, and the black, innumerable flocks of starlings would come sweeping across on the way from their daily haunts to their roosting-places, chosen so capriciously among the tree-planted squares and gardens of the city and so tenaciously retained, year after year, to the exclusion of every other place. Why his fourteen plane trees should have been chosen, Mr. The real remedy, it suddenly flashed across his mind, would be trousers with pneumatic seats. She was dressed, rather depressingly, like a picture by Augustus John, in blue and orange. "One reality," he cried, "there is only one reality." "One reality," Coleman reached out a hand across the table and caressed Zoe's bare white arm, "and that is callipygous." Zoe jabbed at his hand with her fork. Over the plushy floors of some vast and ignoble Ritz slowly he walked, at ease, with confidence: over the plushy floors and there, at the end of a long vista, there was Myra Viveash, waiting, this time, for him; coming forward impatiently to meet him, his abject lover now, not the cool, free, laughing mistress who had lent herself contemptuously once to his pathetic and silent importunity and then, after a day, withdrawn the gift again. Confession at long range--if anything, it would be rather agreeable. "I should have been bowled over." "You shall see me, then," said Gumbriel. Viveash suggested they should go. I want to be happy and contented and successful; and of course I should work better if I were. He had suggested she should go in for stencilling patterns on Government linen. He was a sleek, comfortable young man with smooth brown hair parted in the centre and conducted in a pair of flowing curves across the temples, to be looped in damp curls behind his ears. And that she should like him? It was no wonder that Lypiatt should have walked, bent like Atlas under the weight of a world. "One should be happily in love to enjoy a summer night under the trees." He wondered where Emily could be now. "I should like to see the lights again." "How are you?" he asked across the music. "It may be rather difficult," said Gumbriel, shaking his head. Confession at long range--if anything, it would be rather agreeable. Well, she read a lot of books; but most of the novels she got from Boots' seemed to her rather silly. And naturally the child had hunted with all his mother's ardour. The assistant was rather pained by his coldness. He seems to flit like a butterfly in search of honey, or rather money." "And he makes it?" "Well, he pays my fees and he buys more Tudor houses, and he gives me luncheons at the Ritz. Still," he looked at his son over the top of his spectacles, "if by any conceivable chance you ever should become rich; if, if, if...." And he emphasized the remoteness of the conditional by raising his eyebrows a little higher, by throwing out his hands in a dubious gesture a little farther at every repetition of the word, "if--why, then I've got exactly

the thing for you. He must know me, or, at any rate, know about me." "I should imagine," said Rosie, "that you have a lot of friends." Mr.

Wrapped in a pink kimono, she came out into the hall to wish him farewell. I want to be happy and contented and successful; and of course I should work better if I were. Think if he should wear the all-shell sports model with full dress! And since there are few who would not rather be taken in adultery than in provincialism, they rush out to buy four new pairs of spectacles. "You should have drunk it before," she said. He had suggested she should go in for stencilling patterns on Government linen. His face ought to have been rather more exquisite, rather more refinedly *\_dix-huitieme\_* than it actually was.

"Like a smile of false teeth," he shouted across the widening gulf, and disappeared in the crowd. The real remedy, it suddenly flashed across his mind, would be trousers with pneumatic seats. Pelvey's method of reciting them made them sound rather different. "And astonished." He looked at her. It was no wonder that Lypiatt should have walked, bent like Atlas under the weight of a world.

"Will one ever recapture the old thrills?" she asked rather fatiguedly as they drove slowly through the traffic of Regent Street.

If he had met her years ago--during the war, should one say, dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant in the Guards.... "Well, then, they should do it where we can see them." "What's he to Hecuba?" "Nothing at all," Gumbriel clownishly sang. THE MONSTER: If I knew her, I should know the universe!

Emily smiled rather sadly. She had told him what he was, and what he should try to be, and how to be it. Viveash people always euphemistically 'liked' one another rather a lot, even when it was a case of the most frightful and excruciating passion, the most complete abandonments.

It was time, the Complete Man considered, that this salute should take on a character less formal and less playful. Her hands clasped round her knees, she sat quite still, looking out across the green expanses, at the trees, at the white clouds on the horizon. But it's still the same movement." The shadows stretched farther and farther across the lawns, and as the sun declined the level light picked out among the grasses innumerable stipplings of shadow; and in the paths, that had seemed under the more perpendicular rays as level as a table, a thousand little shadowy depressions and sun-touched mountains were now apparent. "What can I do?" He hovered rather ineptly round her. The young poet was safely there, sparkling across the tea-table. "You should have seen me," he said, describing his beard. "I should have been bowled over." "You shall see me, then," said Gumbriel. "No, if I glory in anything, it's in my little rococo boudoir, and the conversations across the polished mahogany, and the delicate, lascivious, *\_witty\_* little flirtations on ample sofas inhabited by the soul of Crebillon Fils. Lypiatt laughed, rather uncomfortably, and no longer on the Titanic scale.

Viveash had been reduced, by the violence of her headache, to coming home after her luncheon with Piers Cotton for a rest. Not quarrelling with me is only a rather negative satisfaction, I'm afraid." "I propose to leave the country to-morrow morning," said Gumbriel. The forehead, that was mostly hidden by her hat; it might be pensively and serenely high, it might be of that degree of lowness which in men is villainous, but in women is only another--a rather rustic one perhaps, rather *\_canaille\_* even, but definitely another--attraction. When she had finished looking at the New Season's Models she moved slowly on, halting for a moment before

the travelling trunks and the fitted picnic baskets; dwelling for a full minute over the corsets, passing the hats, for some reason, rather contemptuously, but pausing, which seemed strange, for a long pensive look at the cigars and wine. If you wanted me to build you this house, you'd have to live in Barbados or somewhere like that." "There's nothing I should like better," said Gumbriel Junior. I'm in luck to have got the job, of course, but really, that a civilized man should have to do jobs like that! The breezes stirred in his grey hair, tossing it up in long, light wisps that fell across his forehead and over his spectacles; and then he would shake his head impatiently, and the bony hand would be freed for a moment from its unceasing combing and clutching of the sparse grey beard to push back the strayed tendrils, to smooth and reduce to order the whole ruffled head. "Oh, that!" said Gumbriel rather irritably.

It seemed incredible, and also, as she looked at her husband's face--the face behind its bristlingly manly mask of a harassed baby--also rather pathetically absurd. "I'm sorry you should have been unhappy about it," she said. What should he do about it? "It just occurred to me," Shearwater began again in his rather ponderous, infelicitous way, "that you mightn't be very happy, Rosie." Rosie looked up at him and laughed. "It's appalling that human beings should have to live like that. It stopped rather suddenly, however, at the corner of the Edgware Road. It is ludicrous that a man should put himself to prolonged inconvenience for the sake of something which doesn't really exist at all. Gumbriel mentioned your name and suggested I should come and see you to find out if you would perhaps be agreeable to lending us your talent for this work. It stopped rather suddenly, however, at the corner of the Edgware Road. It was really rather difficult to explain. "What puzzles me," he went on, "is why your anonymous friend should have chosen my address out of all the millions of others. Then, as soon as Rosie had stepped across the threshold, she cut off her retreat with a bang and went off, muttering all the time, towards her kitchen. Mercaptan hurried across the room and opened the door for him. "It is unfortunate that when two or three are gathered together in God's name, or even in the more civilized name of Mercaptan of the delicious middle," Mercaptan dexterously parried the prod which Coleman aimed at him, "it is altogether deplorable that they should necessarily empest the air." Lypiatt had turned his eyes heavenwards. How gleefully I should lead you all into it!" "I think you would do well," said Shearwater gravely, "to go and see a doctor." Coleman gave vent to a howl of delight. On the landing of the next floor he paused, felt in his pocket, took out a key and unlocked the door of what should have been the second best bedroom. "Don't you see something rather familiar in the dome?" he asked. Happening to look out of the window at this moment, Gumbriel saw the name of the place painted across a lamp. People know there's such a thing as medical science and they again feel it's improbable that manufacturers should know things ignored by the doctors. We've got to make those who don't wear them feel rather uncomfortable. "I should have thought that it was to the politician's interest to look respectable and normal." "But it is still more to his interest as a leader of men to look distinguished," Mr. "And astonished." He looked at her. Viveash, coming up from the other end of the counter where she had been buying stamps. "I had thought it looked rather like St. We should have done the same in the circumstances--undoubtedly. I'm busy and so naturally less interested in the subject than you; and I take care, what's more, to limit such interest as I have." "I was goin' up Ludgate 'Ill one day with a vanload of stuff for a chap in Clerkenwell. And that she should like him? Not properly." Gumbriel Senior smiled rather sadly. He opened the door of what should

have been, in a well-ordered house, the Best Bedroom, and slipped into the darkness. "Well, then, they should do it where we can see them." "What's he to Hecuba?" "Nothing at all," Gumbriel clownishly sang. If he had met her years ago--during the war, should one say, dressed in the uniform of a lieutenant in the Guards.... Bojanus smiled up at him tolerantly and kindly, as he might have smiled at some one who had suggested, shall we say, that evening trousers should be turned up at the bottom. He passed them in review, wondering why it was that, in these hard days when no painter can sell a picture, almost any dull fool who can scratch a conventional etcher's view of two boats, a suggested cloud and the flat sea should be able to get rid of his prints by the dozen and at guineas apiece. Consider, dear cow, consider, consider." He got up from his chair and tiptoed across the room to the writing-table. The clothes-lines looped from window to window across the street might have been those ropes which form so essential and so mysterious a part of the furniture of the Prisons. It had a rather gross, snouty look, which was sadly out of harmony with Mr. Her hands clasped round her knees, she sat quite still, looking out across the green expanses, at the trees, at the white clouds on the horizon. The square in which it stood was steadily coming down in the world. With her left hand she held back the flowing pink sleeve of her kimono so that it should not trail in the plates or the tureen. He could not resist the temptation, but coming up behind her bent down and kissed her, rather clumsily, on the back of her neck. "One can never tell." "I should have thought one could," said Mrs. "I'm rather glad," said Mrs. But then, when you seemed to make rather a joke of it--why did you say 'a little indisposed?' that seemed, somehow, so stupid, I thought--and said you were coming to-morrow, it wasn't that which upset me; it was the dreadful, dreadful disappointment. It made me cry and cry, so that I thought I should never be able to stop. When all was ready here, she tiptoed across to her bedroom and sitting down at her dressing-table, began with hands that trembled a little with excitement to powder her nose, and heighten the colour of her cheeks. "What can I do?" He hovered rather ineptly round her. "You should try." "But I do try," said Mrs. CHAPTER XV They were playing that latest novelty from across the water, "What's he to Hecuba?" Sweet, sweet and piercing, the saxophone pierced into the very bowels of compassion and tenderness, pierced like a revelation from heaven, pierced like the angel's treachery dart into the holy Teresa's quivering and ecstasied flank. "In this painting," he said, "I symbolize the Artist's conquering spirit--rushing on the universe, making it its own." He began to declaim: "Look down, Conquistador, There on the valley's broad green floor, There lies the lake, the jewelled cities gleam, Chalco and Tlacopan Awaiting the coming Man; Look down on Mexico, Conquistador, Land of your golden dream. "Twenty-five, I should imagine," said Mrs. In certain individuals, however, the faculty is naturally so well-developed--like the musical, or the mathematical, or the chess-playing faculties in other people--that they cannot help entering into direct communication with other minds, whether they want to or not. It was one of Casimir's abstract paintings: a procession of machine-like forms rushing up diagonally from right to left across the canvas, with as it were a spray of energy blowing back from the crest of the wave towards the top right-hand corner. "Like a smile of false teeth," he shouted across the widening gulf, and disappeared in the crowd. It wasn't merely a question of your coming being put off for a day; it was a question of its being put off for ever, of my never seeing you again. "I should think so." Gumbriel's answer was rather dim and remote. I'm busy and so naturally less interested in the subject than you; and I take care, what's more, to

limit such interest as I have." "I was goin' up Ludgate 'Ill one day with a vanload of stuff for a chap in Clerkenwell. What should he do about it? In or --oh, these dates!--he had made a pact with his little cousin, Molly, that she should let him see her with no clothes on, if he would do the same by her. She had told him what he was, and what he should try to be, and how to be it. That would be some slight compensation for my"--he tapped his foot with the end of his walking-stick--"my accident." "You're depressed too?" "One should never drink at luncheon," said Gumbriel. One should also never think of the past and never for one moment consider the future. "I'm sorry we should have disagreed," said Mr. Ships meanwhile were walloping across the Atlantic freighted with more cigars. "What can I do?" He hovered rather ineptly round her. Enthusiastically, his light floss of grey hair floating up and falling again about his head as he pointed and gesticulated, he told her; the great flocks assembled--goodness only knew where!--they flew across the golden sky, detaching here a little troop, there a whole legion, they flew until at last all had found their appointed resting-places and there were no more to fly. And coming forward with a conquering impulsiveness he took both her long, fine hands in his and raised them to his bearded mouth. And there at the end of the street, at the base of a triangular space formed by the coming together of this with another master street that runs eastwards to Tower Hill, there stands the Cathedral. The young poet was safely there, sparkling across the tea-table. And I remember wondering and wondering--oh, it went on for years--every time I saw the picture; wondering why on earth that old bishop (for I did know it was a bishop) should be handing the naked old man a five-shilling piece." She opened a door; they were in her very pink room. CHAPTER IV Lypiatt had a habit, which some of his friends found rather trying--and not only friends, for Lypiatt was ready to let the merest acquaintances, the most absolute strangers, even, into the secrets of his inspiration--a habit of reciting at every possible opportunity his own verses. He was declaiming now; not merely across the dinner table to his own friends, but to the whole restaurant. When she had finished looking at the New Season's Models she moved slowly on, halting for a moment before the travelling trunks and the fitted picnic baskets; dwelling for a full minute over the corsets, passing the hats, for some reason, rather contemptuously, but pausing, which seemed strange, for a long pensive look at the cigars and wine. The stranger gave him no opportunity, and indeed, Gumbriel reflected, how should she? And since there are few who would not rather be taken in adultery than in provincialism, they rush out to buy four new pairs of spectacles. "It may be rather difficult," said Gumbriel, shaking his head. "What can I do?" He hovered rather ineptly round her.

CHAPTER IV Lypiatt had a habit, which some of his friends found rather trying--and not only friends, for Lypiatt was ready to let the merest acquaintances, the most absolute strangers, even, into the secrets of his inspiration--a habit of reciting at every possible opportunity his own verses. He shut the door after them and turned back across the little hall.

It had a rather gross, snouty look, which was sadly out of harmony with Mr. Not properly." Gumbriel Senior smiled rather sadly. On fine evenings he used to sit out on his balcony waiting for the coming of the birds. There on the valley's broad green floor, There lies the lake; the jewelled cities gleam; Chalco and Tlacopan Awaiting the coming Man.

Gumbriel mentioned your name and suggested I should come and see you to find out if you would perhaps be agreeable to lending us your talent for this work. It seemed rather dull and second-rate after Sloane Street and Mr. For a great lady thoroughly accustomed to this sort of

thing, she felt her heart beating rather unpleasantly fast. But she didn't know what things were coming to if people fairly shoved their way in like that. "They used to have such good peep-shows in this street," Gumbriel tenderly remembered: "Little back shops where you paid twopence to see the genuine mermaid, which turned out to be a stuffed walrus, and the tattooed lady, and the dwarf, and the living statuary, which one always hoped, as a boy, was really going to be rather naked and thrilling, but which was always the most pathetic of unemployed barmaids, dressed in the thickest of pink Jaeger." "Do you think there'd be any of those now?" asked Mrs. "One can never tell." "I should have thought one could," said Mrs. "How should I know?" she asked, implying that she could not foresee what her caprice might be an hour hence.

He looked forward to a golden age when all should be seigneurs possessing rights that should have broadened down into universal liberty. Twenty-five steps to the first floor--one flight of thirteen, which was rather disagreeably ominous, and one of twelve. He ran down the stairs and across the tiled hall, he pushed his way firmly but politely between the talkers. "Don't you see something rather familiar in the dome?" he asked. "I had thought it looked rather like St. Viveash had been reduced, by the violence of her headache, to coming home after her luncheon with Piers Cotton for a rest. Not quarrelling with me is only a rather negative satisfaction, I'm afraid." "I propose to leave the country to-morrow morning," said Gumbriel. There on the valley's broad green floor, There lies the lake; the jewelled cities gleam; Chalco and Tlacopan Awaiting the coming Man. Mercaptan, rushing up to his emphasis with flutes and roaring, like a true Conquistador, to fall back, however, at the end of the sentence rather ignominiously into a breathless confusion. If he had asked me, I should answer: why not? The kidneys are so beautifully organized; they do their work of regulation with such a miraculous--it's hard to find another word--such a positively divine precision, such knowledge and wisdom, that there's no reason why your archetypal man, whoever he is, or any one else, for that matter, should be ashamed of owning a pair." Coleman clapped his hands. Not properly." Gumbriel Senior smiled rather sadly.

CHAPTER IV Lypiatt had a habit, which some of his friends found rather trying--and not only friends, for Lypiatt was ready to let the merest acquaintances, the most absolute strangers, even, into the secrets of his inspiration--a habit of reciting at every possible opportunity his own verses. It was time, the Complete Man considered, that this salute should take on a character less formal and less playful. He was not prepared for that, though perhaps he should have been. He wrote several encyclicals and a syllabus." Gumbriel admired the phrase about less than average intelligence; Falarope Major should have at least one mark for having learnt it so well by heart. Over the plushy floors of some vast and ignoble Ritz slowly he walked, at ease, with confidence: over the plushy floors and there, at the end of a long vista, there was Myra Viveash, waiting, this time, for him; coming forward impatiently to meet him, his abject lover now, not the cool, free, laughing mistress who had lent herself contemptuously once to his pathetic and silent importunity and then, after a day, withdrawn the gift again. The kidneys are so beautifully organized; they do their work of regulation with such a miraculous--it's hard to find another word--such a positively divine precision, such knowledge and wisdom, that there's no reason why your archetypal man, whoever he is, or any one else, for that matter, should be ashamed of owning a pair." Coleman clapped his hands. He was walking up the Venetian Room, feeling as

full of swaggering vitality as the largest composition of Veronese, when he heard, gigglingly whispered just behind him his Open Sesame to new adventure, "Beaver." He spun round on his tracks and found himself face to face with two rather startled young women. The clothes-lines looped from window to window across the street might have been those ropes which form so essential and so mysterious a part of the furniture of the Prisons. It wasn't merely a question of your coming being put off for a day; it was a question of its being put off for ever, of my never seeing you again. There was the mirage across the desiccated plains, the mirage one knew to be deceptive and which, on a second glance, proved not even to be a mirage, but merely a few livery spots behind the eyes. Albemarle too should be fired. "Only because it's rather unpleasant." "Why should I?" "It would be natural curiosity." "But I know all I want to know," he said. Viveash, commanding peremptorily from her death-bed. This was going to be the real thing--one of those long, those interminable, or, at any rate, indefinitely renewable conversations about love; witty, subtle, penetrating and bold, like the conversations in books, like the conversations across the tea-table between brilliant young poets and ladies of quality, grown fastidious through an excessive experience, fastidious and a little weary, but still, in their subtle way, insatiably curious. Mercaptan's rather technical sense of the term, as free of all prejudices as the great exponent of civilization himself. In certain individuals, however, the faculty is naturally so well-developed--like the musical, or the mathematical, or the chess-playing faculties in other people--that they cannot help entering into direct communication with other minds, whether they want to or not. "Only because it's rather unpleasant." "Why should I?" "It would be natural curiosity." "But I know all I want to know," he said. "Then you should try," said Gumbriel, whose hands had begun to creep softly forward into the Twelfth Sonata. "What can I do?" He hovered rather ineptly round her. He was not prepared for that, though perhaps he should have been. It was no wonder that Lypiatt should have walked, bent like Atlas under the weight of a world. "In this painting," he said, "I symbolize the Artist's conquering spirit--rushing on the universe, making it its own." He began to declaim: "Look down, Conquistador, There on the valley's broad green floor, There lies the lake, the jewelled cities gleam, Chalco and Tlacopan Awaiting the coming Man; Look down on Mexico, Conquistador, Land of your golden dream. "Twenty-five, I should imagine," said Mrs. "And really, do you know, I rather like it. "How should I know? "I can imagine," he had said to her yesterday, "I can imagine myself giving up everything, work and all, to go running round after you." "And do you suppose I should enjoy that?" Mrs. Gladstone should know." "Good-bye," said Rosie from the door. In the end, however, she followed him across a little vestibule into a bright, whitewashed room empty of all furniture but a table, a few chairs and a large box-spring and mattress, which stood like an island in the middle of the floor and served as bed or sofa as occasion required. For a great lady thoroughly accustomed to this sort of thing, she felt her heart beating rather unpleasantly fast. But she didn't know what things were coming to if people fairly shoved their way in like that. "I'll keep it on." "Well," said the leprechaun, leaning back in his chair and twinkling, bird-like, across the table.